THE BOOKMAN

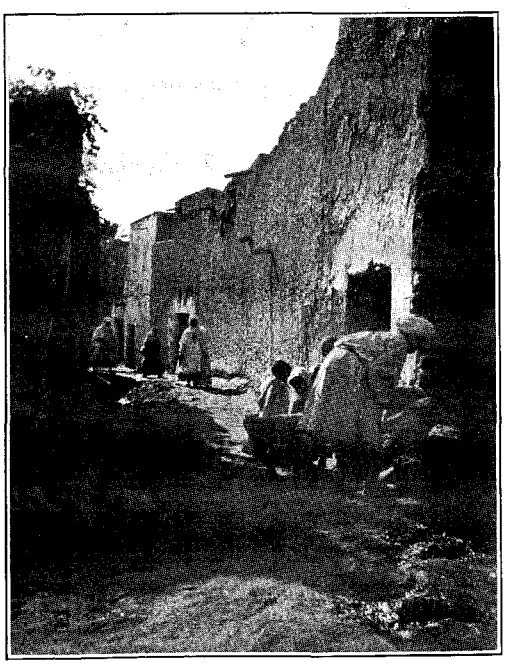
A Magazine of Literature and Life

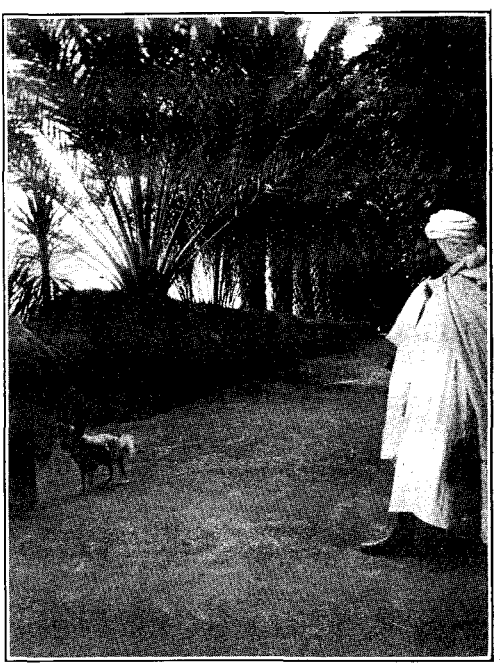
NOVEMBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. A. C. Benson's Fluency

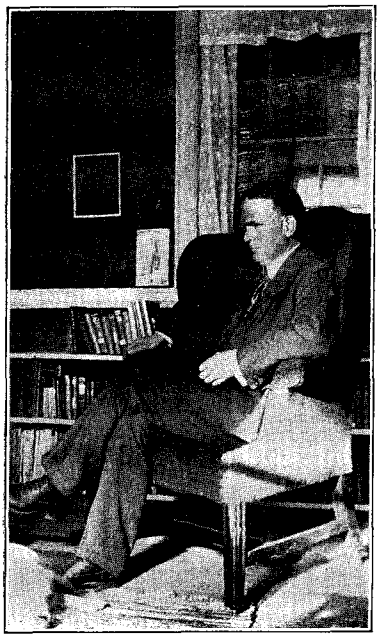
No wonder Mr. Boynton, whose sympathetic estimate of Mr. A. C. Benson's writings appears in another part of this magazine, deplores that excellent person's continuity. His most loyal readers have begun to flag, recognising as they do that passage after passage in his later books are essentially identical with what has gone before. Four volumes a year in praise of a quiet, contemplative life are something of an anomaly. There must be an uncommon degree of activity behind that "college window," and it is incredible that a man who writes so rapidly of tender memories and gentle musings should have a moment to spare for their indulgence. Of course Mr. Benson as a diarist must have accumulated a great deal of material which could be readily adjusted to the loose structure of his books. But the fact remains that as time goes on he repeats and





AMID THE SCENES OF ROBERT HICHENS'S "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SHACKLETON

The authors of *The Quest of the Colonial*

MISS FRANCES CROUCH

The author of *Feminine Finance*

MISS GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

The illustrator of *Nursery Rhymes from Mother Goose*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dilutes himself to a degree that is rarely attained by the sordid, hustling folk whom he abhors. In another writer this would not be worth remarking, but in Mr. Benson, devotee of beauty and spiritual self-development, foe to the coarse, competitive ambitions, special pleader for the "inner life," it arouses an uncomfortable suspicion. For there is always in this kind of writing the danger of protesting too much. The most insidious artistic hypocrisy is that of the men who traffic half unconsciously in the praise of fine things. The mind stops, but the pen trails along with an idealistic vocabulary. Publishers and public are

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Mrs. Bacon's new book, *The Domestic Adventurers*, is reviewed in this issue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

The author of *Crested Seas*

slow in detecting the difference, but the author knows it, or might know it, if he possessed a fraction of that power of self-analysis which Mr. Benson attributes to himself. An introspective mind must surely perceive the signs of its literary deliquescence, and so contemplative a man as Mr. Benson must often have reflected on the various forms of artistic temptation, including the wiles of the little devil of facility, which can be defeated only by time and taking pains.

The President and Myra Kelly

In the Foreword to *The Wards of Liberty* Miss Myra Kelly tells that she is frequently asked if she was not the model from which the Constance Bailey of her stories was drawn. "I admit regretfully that I was not," she says. "All I aspired to be and was not Constance Bailey was. Only her mistakes are mine." The Foreword includes a letter from the President. It implies no lack of respect for an exalted office to say that an endorsement of a new book from this source no longer causes us to "sit up and take notice." Mr. Roosevelt has shown so much generous activity in these matters.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 26, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS KELLY: Mrs. Roosevelt and I and most of the children know your very amusing and very pathetic accounts of East Side school children almost by heart, and I really think you must let me write and thank you for them. While I was Police Commissioner I quite often went to the Houston Street public school, and was immensely interested and impressed by what I saw there. I thought there were a good many Miss Bailies there, and the work they were doing among their scholars (who were so largely of Russian-Jewish parentage, like the children you write of) was very much like what your Miss Bailey has done.

Now, a word of preaching, not to Miss Kelly, but to Miss Bailey. The scrape into which Miss Bailey got by following too closely Messrs. Froebel and Pestalozzi (and

HARRISON FISHER

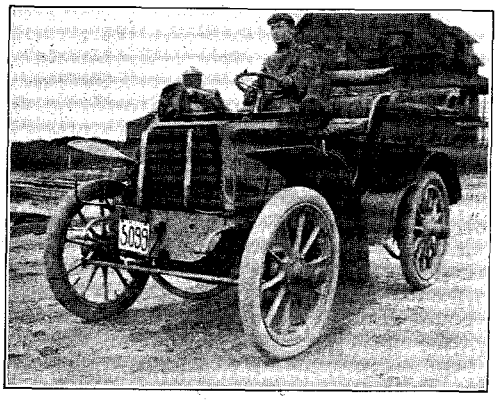
Whose illustrations have been collected and published under the title of *The Harrison Fisher Book*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these eminent men, like most other human beings, diluted their good work with bad work) was because of not seeing, and therefore not telling, the plain, wholesome truth. To try to teach her pupils that there should never be any appeal to force, when they lived under conditions which meant reversion to the primitive cave man if it were not for the continually exercised ability of the father of Patrick Brennan to cope

MYRA KELLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

The author of *J. Devlin, Boss* at the steering wheel of his Panhard

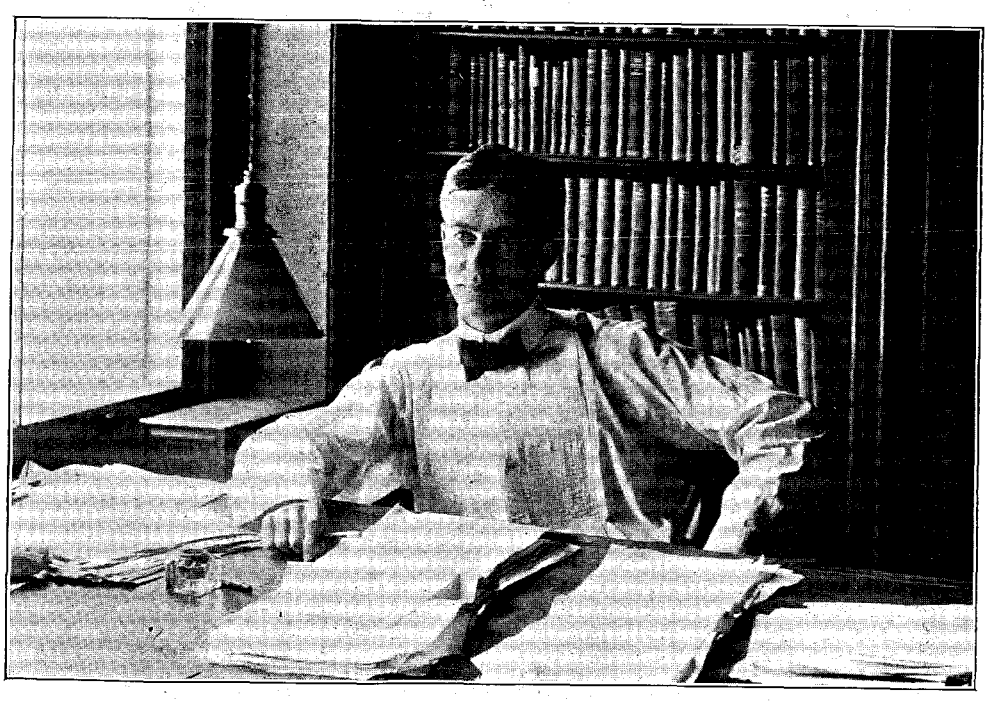
with the Uncle Abys, amounted merely to the effort to give them ideals which would not work for one moment when they got outside of the school room, and I think it is an abomination to teach people ideals that will not work, because, instead of understanding, as they ought to, that it is only false ideals which do not work, they in such cases generally jump to the conclusion that no ideals at all will work. Teach them that the wrong is not in fighting, but in fighting for a wrong cause or without full and adequate cause, and you teach them what is true and right and what they can act up to. But teach them that all fighting is wrong; that the wars of Washington and Napoleon are of the same stamp; that Lincoln and Attila are on the same ethical level, and the result is either vicious or nil. If Miss Bailey's "steady," the doctor, would not knock down a man who had insulted her, I would have a mighty poor opinion of him; but if he were brutal to the weak, or a bully, or a tyrant, I would have an even worse opinion of him.

There! I suppose I have been preaching again, when I only meant to write a word of thanks and appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A few months ago *Les Annales Politiques et Litteraires* of Paris published a series of illustrated interviews

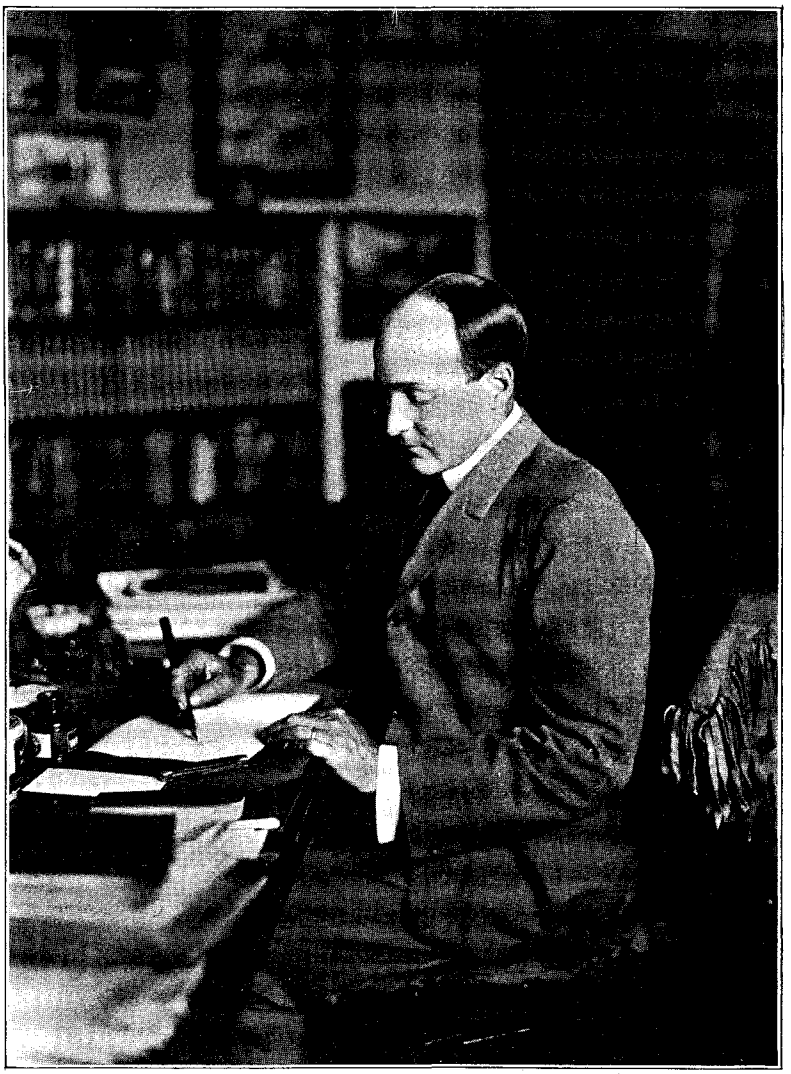


AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Burton E. Stevenson, the author of *That Affair of Elizabeth*, is not only an enthusiastic motorist, but has recently gone into the automobile business

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

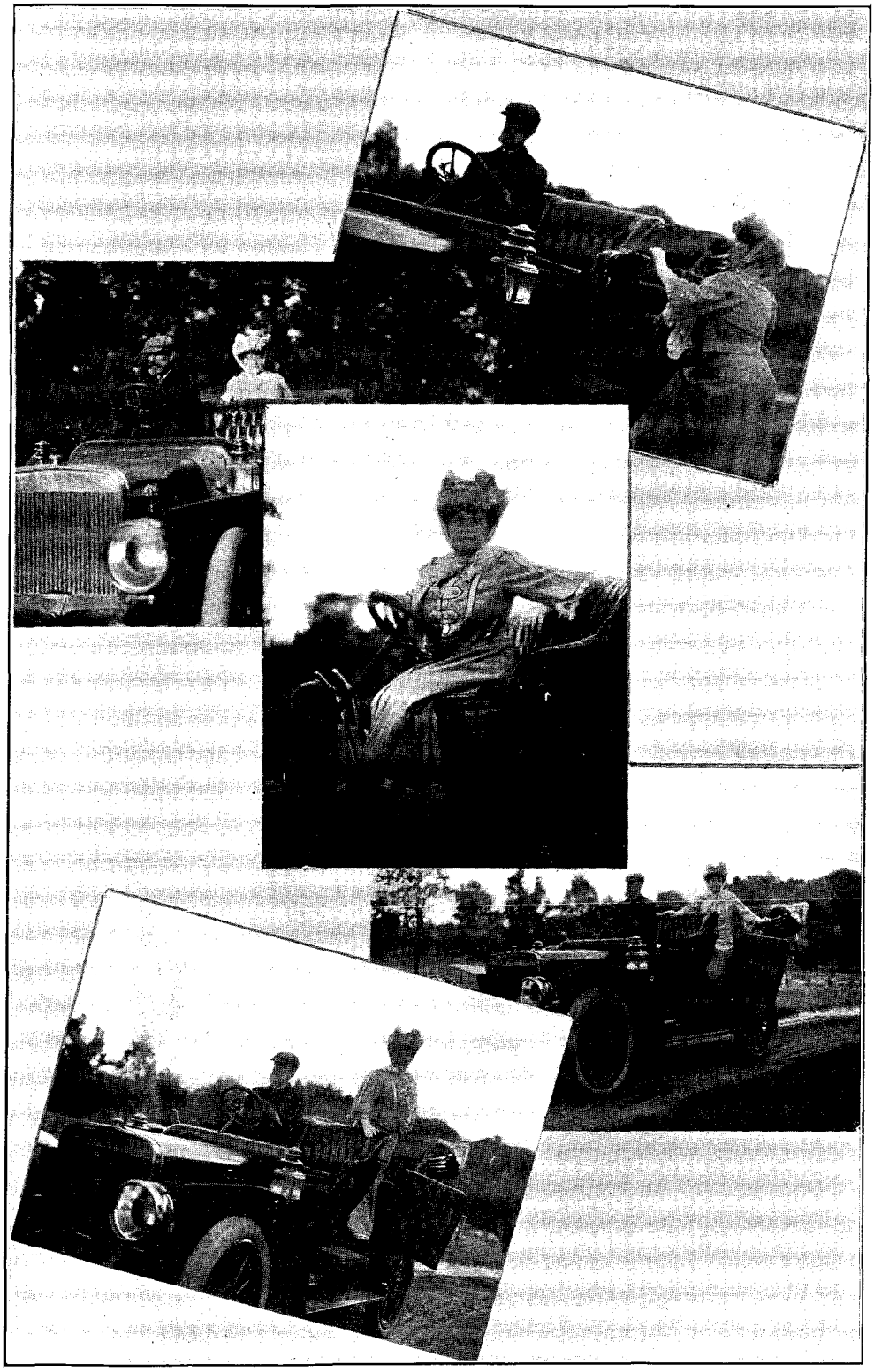
with French authors about their plans for spending the summer vacation. It was not surprising to find that a majority were devoted to the motor car, or to see pictures of dignified and, at times, venerable members of the Academie



AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE—STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Mr. White runs a two-cylinder Maxwell runabout. The reason for the above portrait, in which he appears in mufti, instead of a picture showing him in cap, leather coat, and goggles, at the steering wheel of the Maxwell, is, to use his own words: "I am up here in the mountains, where the merry chug chug is unknown. Hence the dearth of auto pictures." We had hoped to treat this subject with pictorial thoroughness. But then we know the literary temperament. Those snapshots promised by Mr. R. H. Davis have not arrived. Mr. Tarkington has apparently forgotten. As for Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, we shall have to retract our disparaging remarks in the text. He seems to have fully qualified. He writes: "If you could get a snapshot of me engaged in the profitable pastime of smashing my electric three weeks ago it would be a wonder. I ran into another machine in front of the Annex." Admitted to membership.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Some glimpses of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett as a motorist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Française actually seated at the steering wheel of some cherished Panhard, Renault or Clement. The same seems to be true, in a measure, of English authors. Every now and then we read of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle driving a new high-powered car across Germany or France with the dash of an Étienne Gerard and the imperturbability of a Dr. Watson. Max Pemberton was one of the pioneers of the sport and knows the automobile from "starting crank to differential," as the saying is. He conducts a very spirited and interesting motoring department in one of the English weeklies. The British Empire can boast of few more enthusiastic motorists than Mr. Rudyard Kipling of Rottingdean and South Africa. The list might be continued indefinitely.

Writers and the Automobile

❧

Nor are American writers at all behindhand at the game. We printed about a year ago a portrait of Mark Twain, "seventy years young," looking out at life from the tonneau of a Model S Oldsmobile. Booth Tarkington, who recently returned from Europe after an absence of nearly two years, owned during his stay in Paris and its environs a F. I. A. T. and a Clement-Bayard in turn, expressing a frank preference for the latter. Of the professional chauffeur, whose ways are dark and whose tricks are vain, he can tell strange and harrowing tales. Richard Harding Davis's name appeared in the papers a year or so ago as a purchaser of a Cadillac, but judging from the adventures and appearance of The Scarlet Car in the story of that name which appeared last spring, Mr. Davis has probably long since been graduated into the four- or six-cylinder class. A few weeks ago, at least, Irving Bacheller was still controlling the destinies of a single-cylinder Cadillac. Lloyd Osbourne is another writer who is not only keen on the sport of automobiling, but also profound in its technique. He began the experiences which he incorporated in *The Motor Maniacs, Baby Bullet* and *Three Speeds, Forward* with a Rambler runabout. Later he and his mother, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, owned a White Steamer. What particular make of car has the honour of carrying this Knight of the Road at the present writing we do not know. Thomas Dixon, Jr., began as a motorist with a White Steamer, but has recently become converted to the gasolene car. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and her son Vivian Burnett are joint owners of a Winton and also a Pope Tribune runabout. We have some little hesitation about including George Barr McCutcheon in this list, for the author of *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* chose to own an electric—of highly approved workmanship and design, but still an electric. Churchill Williams, the author of *J. Devlin, Boss* and *The Captain,* is another writer whose knowledge of the automobile is of the "from starting crank to differential" variety. He has owned an Autocar and a Panhard, and will stoutly swear to the virtues of both. Stewart Edward White runs a two-cylinder Maxwell runabout wth pronounced success in the State of California. At one time last summer he and Samuel Hopkins Adams used the Maxwell for a long trip over the mountains of the Pacific Slope. We can assure the general reading public that the tales that Mr. Adams brought East of grades climbed and obstacles overcome on this journey far surpass in extravagant incredibility the wildest episodes of *The Mystery.*

❧

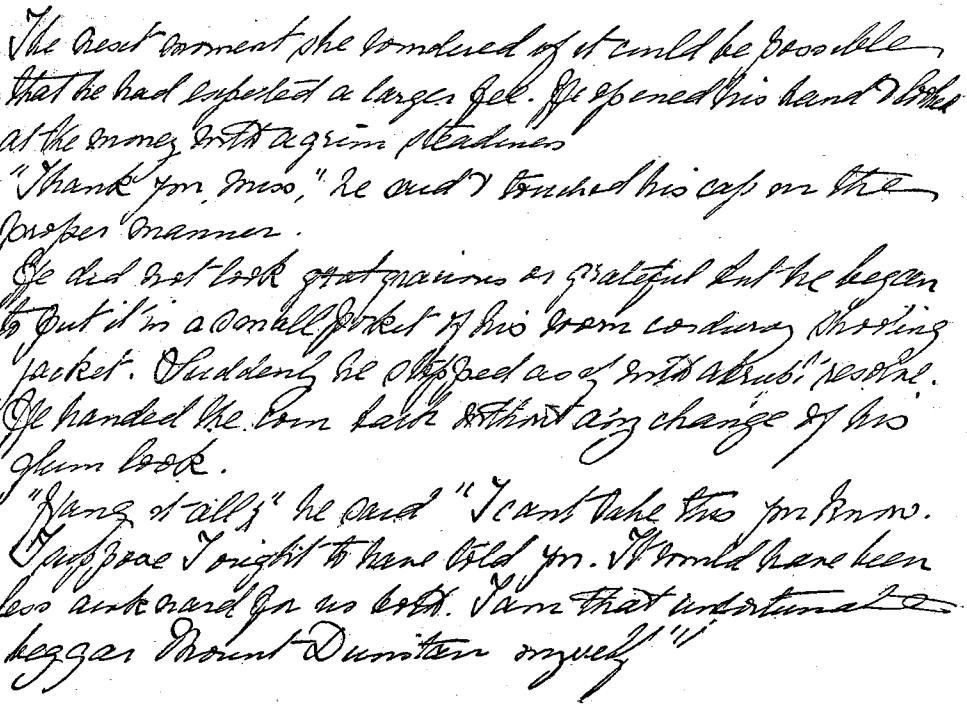
The most ridiculous feature of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle* is the frontispiece. The text tells us that Betty Vanderpoel meets Lord Mount Dunstan in the course of a twelve-mile cross-country walk. The illustrator shows us a most preposterous young lady attired for something not a bit less ceremonious than an afternoon tea. To the eye of a mere man she resembles a very gorgeously garbed bridesmaid. The feature of the book that is likely to be talked of most is the character of G. Selden, the hustling and slangy young American, who earns his living by being thrown off doorsteps while working in the interests of the Delkoff typewriter. Selden is in many respects an unusual character. Not

An Illustration and a Character

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only is his extraordinary use of slang a joy, but it has the earmarks of consistency and verisimilitude. That is something rare in the book of a writer of even the most remote British affiliations. Mr. Kipling, for example, should have understood America and its speech pretty thoroughly by the time that he sat down to write "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." Yet the strange and artificial jargon in which Wilton Sargent was made to express his resentment against the Great Buchonian Railway officials was something which the average American could hardly interpret, much less understand. The slang of G. Selden, on the other hand, impresses us as being perfectly easy, natural and unforced. It was inevitable that he should allude affectionately to himself as "Little Willie," and figuratively describe his condition when bicycling through England as "lunching at Buckingham Palace with the main squeeze." And as G. Selden may be regarded as a genuine achievement, it is especially interesting to learn that the character was drawn from life. A young man acquaintance having taken, as he supposed, a position as stenographer and typewriter, found that he was expected to act as town agent for the machine. While he was doing this, Mrs. Burnett saw him frequently and was greatly amused by the stories he told of his new occupation. He was a cheerful youth with a strong sense of humour and a thorough knowledge of New York slang. Mrs. Burnett found his summings up of the situation so suggestive of the type of honest young American hustler that it occurred to her that he would stand out well against a background of English country lanes, county families and feudal lords.

In *Peter Ibbetson*—or was it in *The Martian*—George du Maurier wrote of the extraordinary advantage in point of view enjoyed by a person to whom fate

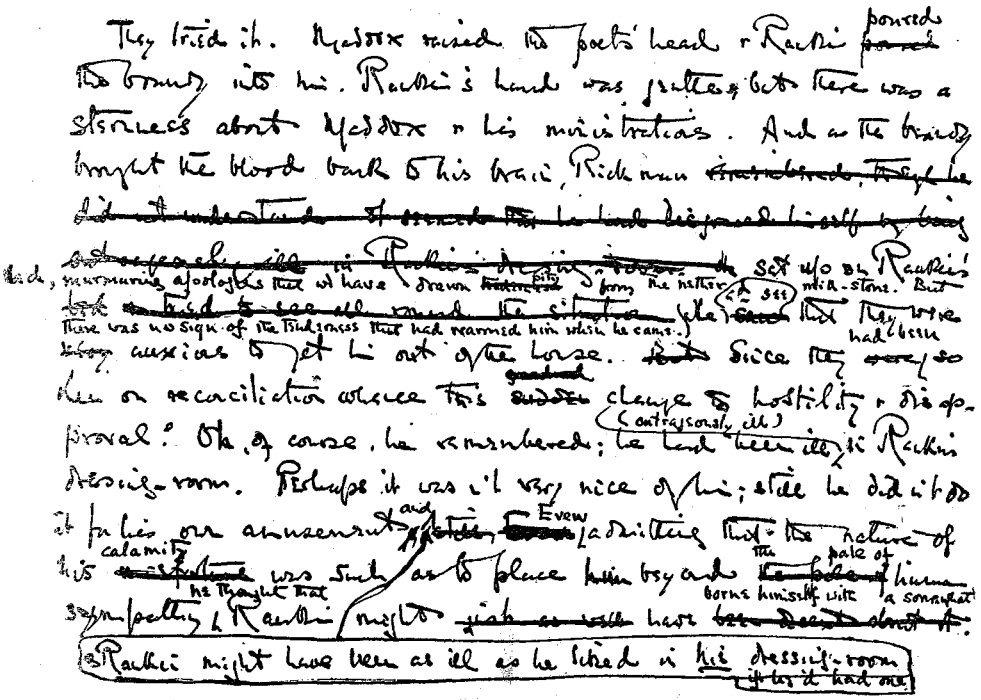

The next moment she wondered if it could be possible that he had expected a larger fee. He opened his hand & looked at the money with a grim steadiness
"Thank you, Miss," he said & touched his cap in the proper manner.
He did not look ~~grat~~ gracious or grateful but he began to put it in a small pocket of his worn corduroy shooting jacket. Suddenly he stopped as if with a brusk resolve. He handed the coin back without any change of his glum look.
"Hang it all!" he said "I cant take this you know. I suppose I ought to have told you. It would have been less awkward for us both. I am that unfortunate beggar Mount Dunstan myself"

Facsimile of a page of the original manuscript of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle*, which bids fair to be one of the most successful books of the year. The passage is one of the most dramatic in the story, describing the parting of Bettina Vanderpoel and Mount Dunstan when he reveals his identity. She has taken him to be a keeper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave a kind of dual nationality. Even though it implies a deep knowledge of but one language, the benefits of this dual nationality have in Mrs. Burnett's case been strikingly evident. By birth and by temperament she was English of the English. Until she was thirteen years of age she lived in her native town of Manchester. Then, owing to the serious business reverses of her father, the family crossed the Atlantic and settled down in Knoxville, Tennessee. Her first stories were written as part of the fight against absolute poverty. The money to pay the postage on her first tale, which she sent to *Godey's Ladies' Book,* where it was accepted, was earned by picking blackberries. The bright side to the beginning of Mrs. Burnett's career lies in the fact that she had recognition from the first. Her success with *Godey's* won her *entrée* to *Peterson's Magazine,* and finally to the pages of the old *Scribner,* which afterward became the *Century.* When her first stories found their way to the office of that publication they were regarded with rather a natural suspicion. Here were manuscripts coming from a young girl of Tennessee, and yet so obviously English in tone that natural inference was that they had been copied from the English magazines. The matter was, however, quickly explained, and some of her most striking early works will be found in the old numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* for the later seventies.

Mrs. Burnett has always kept in touch with England and English life. As soon as she had made her success, in fact just after the publication of *That Lass o' Lowrie's,* she went back to England, and has spent some part of nearly every year in England since then. She has lived in all sections of England and has had houses in London. She has had country homes in Norfolk, Kent and Surrey. For nearly fifteen years she leased a very interesting old house in Kent, Maytham Hall, really the manor-house of a very ancient estate. The house stands in the most wonderful of Kentish gardens, which Mrs. Burnett, with her enthusiasm for gardening, has made even more beautiful than they were when she took them. Maytham Hall was the homestead of an ancient family of Moneypennys. On the corner of the Hall grounds stands an



Facsimile of the MSS. of May Sinclair's *The Divine Fire.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE

ancient Norman church, the church of the Hundred of Rolvenden, which is mentioned in the Domesday Book. All the Moneypennys are buried in this church, which in its simple way is of remarkable beauty. Their tombstones surround the great Hall pew, which is almost as big as a room, and has tables and chairs in it. The Hall grounds stand between two very picturesque villages, both appendages to the estate; one called Rolvenden Village and the other Rolvenden Street. They are as picturesque as they can be, full of the quaint old gaffers and gammers, who stand at their picturesque thatched cottage gates surrounded by the flowers in their cottage gardens, and salute the Hall carriage as it drives by. A great many of these ancients have been pensioners of Mrs. Burnett's, receiving some of them a fine meat dinner from the Hall on Sundays, or perhaps a few shillings a week, or maybe perhaps only papers and reading matter. The country around is the most beautiful that England can boast, and the most rural.

Trivial

In Mr. Hoffman's article in our October number on "Who Writes the Jokes?" he introduced several examples of what writers considered the worst bits of humour that they had ever perpetrated. We submit the following, which came in a few days ago, *à propos* of the note in the September number on "Winston Churchill and the Letter C," as entitled to an exalted position in the list of atrocities:

Why exempt Winston Churchill's Alma Mater from your interesting sequence in the current Chronicle and Comment? In entering the United States Naval Academy he solemnly dedicated himself to a C Career.

London's Bohemia has always been lacking in a certain kind of tradition. There are plenty of legends concerning

ROSSETTI'S HOUSE IN CHEYNE WALK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LONDON BOOK STALL

Grub Street and the "poor devil authors" who dwelt therein, but there is an absence of that colour which we associate with Bohemian Paris, and which probably grew out of Henry Murger's idealisation of the life in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. That Bohemian London is a field of vast interest, however, Mr. Arthur Ransome has made apparent in his forthcoming volume, *Bohemia in London*. In his introductory chapter Mr. Ransome tells us that his aim has been to depict life in the great city as it touches those persons who come to it, like Whittingtons, to seek gold on its pavements. "They are conscious of the larger life of the town, of the struggling millions earning their weekly wages, of the thousands of the abyss who earn no wages and drift from shelter to shelter till they die; they know that there is a mysterious East End full of crowded, ill-conditioned life; they know that there is a West End, of fine houses and a more elaborate existence; they have a confused knowledge of the whole, but only a part becomes alive and real, as far as they themselves are concerned."

Bohemia in London

THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Ransome finds hugely ridiculous the conventional treatises on the subject. These are the books that talk of the Savage Club and the Vagabond Dinners, and other things of slight unconventionality. "But these are not the real things; no young poet or artist fresh to London, with all his hopes unrealised, all his capacity for original living unspent, has anything to do with them. They bear no more vital relation to the Bohemian life that is actually lived than masquerades or fancy-dress balls bear to more ordinary existence. Members of the Savage Club, guests of the Vagabonds, have either grown out of the life that should be in my book, or else have never lived in it. They are respectable

citizens, dine comfortably, sleep in feather-beds, and find hot water waiting for them in the mornings. It is, perhaps, the unreality of their pretences that makes honest outsiders who are disgusted at the imitation, or able to compare them with the inhabitants of the Quartier or Montmartre, say that there is no such thing as Bohemia in London."

❧

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which deals with the expedients to which certain ingenious journalistic adventurists resort to keep the little newspapers with no apparent circulation afloat. One editor relied on subsidies from religious faddists, and always made it a point to be found praying aloud when some black-coated righteous old gentleman called. Another contrived to retain writers by an ingenious appeal to their gambling instincts. "Every Saturday all the cheques were accurately made out and delivered to the contributors. But these soon found that there was never more money to the credit of the paper in the bank than would pay the first three or four of the cheques presented. The rest were returned dishonoured. The result was not unamusing, for Beldens had chosen a bank in Fulham, while his office was in Covent Garden. Every Saturday at the appointed time all the contributors used to attend, with hansoms, specially chosen for the fleetness of their horses, waiting in a row outside. Beldens would come, smiling and urbane, into the outer office, with the bundles of little pink slips. As soon as they had been passed round there would be a wild scuffle of genius on the stairs, the dishevelled staff would rush out of the door, leap into their hansoms, and race pell mell for the bank, the fortunate first arrivals dividing with their cabbies the moneys that their respective efficiencies had achieved."

❧

The Titmarsh Club

The third dinner of the Titmarsh Club was given in London on Thursday, October 24, 1907, when the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James presided. The club was organised in 1905, in honour of William Makepeace Thackeray, and now consists of seventy-five members, including five Americans—Frederick S. Dickson and Major William H. Lambert, Thackeray collectors; Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.; Hon. Whitelaw Reid, and General James Grant Wilson, author of *Thackeray in the United States*. The Titmarsh Club propose hereafter to dine together in London twice each year. The complete membership is as follows: George Alexander, H. Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie, Hilaire Belloc, F. S. Boas, C. E. Brock, Sir F. C. Burnand, Egerton Castle, C. E. S. Chambers, G. K. Chesterton, J. Comyns Carr, W. L. Courtney, Edmund Craigie, William de Morgan, F. S. Dickson, E. Edmonds, H. Furniss, R. S. Garnett, Edmund Gosse, Kenneth Grahame,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anstey Guthrie, Frederick Harrison, Anthony Hope Hawkins, William Heinemann, U. S. Hichens, Roger Ingpen, H. B. Irving, A. A. Jack, W. W. Jacobs, Walker Jerrold, Major W. H. Lambert, John Lane, Sidney Lee, J. H. Lobban, W. J. Locke, Sidney Low, Justin McCarthy, J. H. McCarthy, Frederick Macmillan, Theodore McKenna, Archibald Marshall, Captain R. Marshall, Sir F. T. Marzials, A. E. W. Mason, D. S. Meldrum, Lewis Melville, James Milne, Henry Newbolt, H. V. Nevison, Alfred Noyes, Sir Gilbert Parker, Louis N. Parker, A. W. Pinero, Arthur Rackham, Walter Raleigh, S. J. Reid, Whitelaw Reid, Ernest Rhys, Clarence Rook, George Saintsbury, Owen Seaman, Thomas Seccombe, Walter Sichel, Reginald J. Smith, M. H. Spielmann, Hugh Thomson, H. Beerbohm Tree, G. M. Trevelyan, H. A. Vachell, A. Vian, A. B. Walkley, Arthur Waugh, H. G. Wells, Percy White, General J. G. Wilson.

✱

Pilled

The average man who comes up for membership at a club and fails of election is not usually inclined to boast of it. Henry Stevens, G.M.B., F.S.A., M.A., of Yale, the author of *Bibliotheca, Geographica and Historica,* was evidently of not so squeamish a nature. On the title-page of this book, published in London in 1872, we find the following curious lines: "By Henry Stevens, G.M.B. (Green Mountain Boy), F.S.A., M.A., of Yale, etc., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Zoological Societies of London and Citizen of Noviomagus, Foreign Member of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, and Fellow of American Society of New York, Corresponding Member of the American Oriental Society and of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, New York, Maine, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Vermont; and *blackballed by the Athenæum Club of London.*"

✱

Dumas's Memoirs

We have just been reading the first volume of the Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas Père in the English edition, which is coming piecemeal from the press. It deals with the novelist's ancestry, the experiences of his father, General Dumas, as an officer under Bonaparte, and the impressions of his own youth at Villar-Cotterets. It is a book of amazing triviality and yet of striking interest, and it is so typically Dumas. A boy's practical joke, a day's hunting, are elaborated into four or five pages of really stirring dialogue and description. Of genuine importance are the chapters dealing with the Consulate and Empire, although we are inclined to regard these passages full of intimate detail the same way that we regard the long harangues of Livy's generals. As an illustration of his method of expanding the slightest anecdote, witness the following:

> I recollect hearing my father relate—when I must have been quite a young child, since he died in 1806 and I was born in 1802—I recollect, I say, hearing my father relate that one day when he was ten years old he was returning from the town to his home, he saw, to his great surprise, an object lying on the seashore that looked like a tree-trunk. He had not noticed it when he passed the same place two hours before, and he amused himself by picking up pebbles and throwing them at the log, when suddenly, at the touch of the pebbles, the log woke up.
>
> The log was an alligator dozing in the sun. Now, alligators, it seems, wake up in the most unpleasant tempers; this one spied my father and started to run after him. My father was a true son of the colonies, a son of the seashores and of the savannas, and he knew how to run fast; but it would seem that the alligator ran, or rather jumped, still faster than he, and this adventure bid fair to have left me forever in limbo had not a negro, who was sitting astride a wall eating sweet potatoes, noticed what was happening and cried out to my already breathless father:
>
> "Run to the right, little sah; run to the left, little sah."
>
> Which translated meant, "Run zigzag, young gentleman," a style of locomotion entirely repugnant to the alligator's mech-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anism, who can only run straight ahead of him or leap lizard-wise.

Thanks to this advice, my father reached home safe and sound; but when there he fell, panting and breathless, like the Greek from Marathon, and like him, was very nearly past getting up again.

This race, wherein the beast was hunter and the human being the hunted, left a deep impression on my father's mind.

Really touching is his description of his impressions of the death of his father:

Then it was that I heard these words, but without taking in their significance: "My poor child, the papa who loved you so much is dead!"

I cannot tell what lips uttered those words over me, the little orphan of three and a half years, nor who it was that announced the greatest misfortune of my life.

"My father is dead?" said I. "What does that mean?"

"It means that you will never see him again."

"What! I shall never see my papa again?"

"No."

"Why shall I not see him?"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Because the good God has taken him from you."

"Forever?"

"Forever."

"And you say I shall never see him any more?"

"Never again."

"Never, never at all?"

"Nevermore!"

"Where does the good God live?"

"He lives in heaven."

I remained in thought for a moment; unreasoning baby though I was, I quite understood that something dreadful had happened in my life. Then I took advantage of the first moment when attention was diverted from me to escape from my uncle's house and run straight home to my mother.

All the doors were open, and everybody looked scared; one could tell that death was in the house.

I got in without being noticed at all, and reached a little room where arms were kept; I took up one of my father's single-

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

The author of *The Old Dominion*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN
The author of *Old Indian Days*

barrelled guns, which he had often promised to give me when I should be grown up.

Then, armed with this gun, I climbed the stairs.

I met my mother on the first landing; she was coming out of the death chamber, weeping bitterly.

"Where are you going?" she asked, surprised to see me there when she thought I was at my uncle's.

"I am going to heaven," I replied.

"What! you are going to heaven?"

"Yes; let me go."

"What are you going to do in heaven, my poor child?"

"I am going to kill the good God for killing papa."

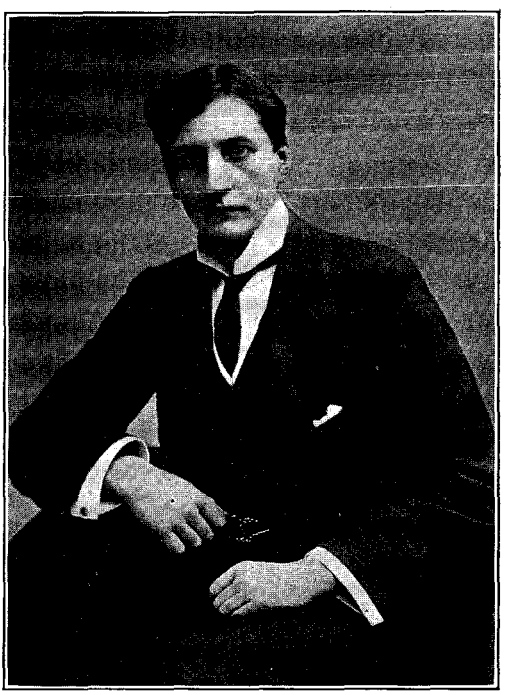
My mother seized me in her arms and pressed me closely to her.

"Oh, my child!" she cried; "do not say such things; we are quite unhappy enough already."

❧

A New Set of Dumas

While from a purely literary point of view of far less importance than the *Memoirs,* the new pocket edition of the best-known works of Dumas that is being published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company is for many reasons worthy of very serious attention and commendation. Despite the fact that something like two thousand volumes bear his name, if you are well acquainted with the trilogy of the Valois, the trilogy dealing with D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and *The Count of Monte Cristo,* you may be said to know Dumas. Your knowledge is hardly moer impaired by the fact that you have ignored all the other books than would a knowledge of Thackeray and Dickens be impaired if you had read all the rest of Thackeray and Dickens but had neglected to read the unfinished fragments of *Denis Duval* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* The books of Dumas mentioned above are the necessary books, and they constitute the Pocket Edition, which is issued in fourteen volumes. A word should be said of the comparative honesty and excellence of the translation. Perhaps it is because



A. E. W. MASON
The author of *The Broken Road*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE
The author of *Son Riley Robert and Little Girl*

Dumas is of all French standard authors the easiest to translate that his books have received such cavalier treatment. The worst of hacks has felt at liberty to interpret the original as he thought fit and on occasion to omit entire episodes. For example, we were never able to fathom the exact relationship between Athos, Comte de la Fère and the Vicomte de Bragelonne until we read *Vingt Ans Après* in the original French. It was a case where a whole chapter had been condensed into a single obscure paragraph. Of this kind of mutilation the new edition seems to be guiltless.

❧

The Christmas Story

We are always interested in the announcement of a new book by Mr. Marion Crawford, and we are especially attracted by the report that the next book to bear his name will represent an attempt to revive the old-time Christmas story, of which Dickens's *Christmas Carol* is the classic example. This comparison, be it understood, pertains only to the spirit of the story. The scene is American, the principal characters being an inventor and his wife and child. The inventor's struggles against adversity are a foregone conclusion, but since this is a Christmas story, it may also be safely assumed that everything ends happily—an assumption that is borne out by the cheerfulness of Mr. Crawford's title, *The Little City of Hope*.

❧

The Saint-Gaudens Autobiography

The Autobiography which Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote shortly before his death is now in the hands of his son, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, who will enlarge it with biographical notes upon his father's reminiscences, and with such of Mr. Augustus-Saint-Gaudens's letters as may be collected. Therefore Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens would be under

MAY SINCLAIR
The author of *The Helpmate*
Copyrighted in England by May Sinclair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

deep obligation to those who would send such letters to him at Windsor, Vermont. The letters would be copied and the originals returned without delay.

❧

Morgan Redivivus

A strange case of literary resuscitation occurred recently in the columns of the New York *Sun*. Under the standing caption "Some New Books," there appeared in its issue of Sunday, August 18, 1907, an excellent full-page review of *Ancient Society*, by Lewis H. Morgan, over the well-known signature of "M. W. H." In the prefatory note the reviewer informs us as follows:

> Dr. Lewis H. Morgan, well known to American readers as the author of *The League of the Iroquois* and *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, has *lately* (the italics are ours) published a comprehensive and suggestive study of *Ancient Society* (Henry Holt and Company). The main purpose of this book is to demonstrate the truth of the dictum uttered years ago by Professor Whitney in his *Oriental and Linguistic Studies*, that modern science claims to be proving. . . . What Whitney could fairly describe as a "claim" science has now made good.

❧

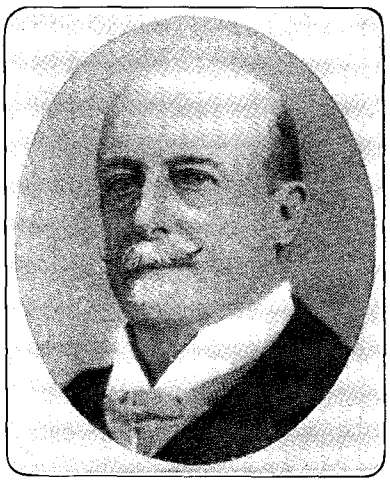
From all of which the reader would naturally be led to think, first, that Whitney's *Oriental and Linguistic Studies* appeared many years before Morgan's *Ancient Society;* secondly, that *Ancient Society* is a new and recent publication; and thirdly, that its author is still among the living. As a matter of fact, Whitney's *Studies* were published in course of the years 1872-74. Morgan's *Ancient Society* appeared in 1878, and immediately attracted the widest attention among ethnologists and sociologists the world over. Years ago we saw a translation of it in German, which must have appeared before 1891, for it is spoken of as already in existence in the preface to the fourth edition of Friedrich Engels's *Ursprung der Familie, des Privateigentums und des Staats*, which appeared in that year.

DR. D. S. SAGER

The author of *The Art of Living in Good Health*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, this latter book, the first edition of which appeared in 1884, was professedly based on Morgan's work, and through its numerous editions and translations, including one in English, has made known the achievements of the American scientist to many thousands who otherwise might never even have heard the name of the great but modest investigator. Finally, as we might learn from the encyclopædia, Morgan has been dead since 1881. And all this confusion on the part of the *Sun* reviewer and our own display of bibliographical learning have been occasioned by the publishers merely changing the date on the title-page of *Ancient Society* from 1878 to 1907!



THE LATE EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

Mr. Lee-Hamilton's work is discussed by Mrs. Wharton elsewhere in this issue

Readers of Miss Elizabeth Robins's *A Dark Lantern,* a remarkable novel, which received rather less attention than it deserved, will not be altogether surprised at the subject of her latest work. *The Convert* is a story of the London "suffragette," a subject offering such opportunities in the way of romance and comedy, and even tragedy, that it is rather surprising no one has hit on it before. Miss Robins, although she lives in London, is an American woman, who has written about the Alaska gold fields as well as the life of smart English society.

"The Convert"

W. L. FINLEY

The author of *American Birds*

For several years Miss Robins was an actress associated with Ibsen parts. At the same time she was writing fiction under the pseudonym "C. E. Raimond." It was not until *The Open Question* was published about eight years ago that the literary detective ferreted out her identity. When she found that she could no longer preserve her disguise Miss Robins contributed a long letter to a London paper deploring that as it had been discovered that she had acted in *The Master Builder,* it would be impossible to have her books criticised without reference to the influence of Ibsen. For a brief day *The Open Question* was very widely discussed. But bearing out the prophecy made in these pages at the time, it had its little success and was then forgotten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nietzsche Interest

The wave of interest in Nietzsche which has swept over Germany and France seems to be spreading in England and America. Not only has a book on his philosophy been announced for publication this autumn, but the appearance of his works in English translation goes steadily on. The latest book to appear in the series is *Beyond Good and Evil,* the translator being Miss Helen Zimmern. This book is sub-titled "Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future," and was intended as a prologue to the work on which Nietzsche was engaged when his mind finally gave way, *The Will to Power: An Attempt at a Transvaluation of all Values.* This is the fifth of Nietzsche's works to appear in an English edition, the preceding volumes being *The Case of Wagner, The Genealogy of Morals, Thus Spake Zarathustra,* and *The Dawn of Day.*

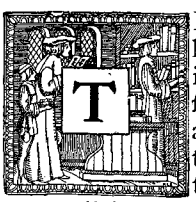
"Marion Lee"

We learn that "Marion Lee," whose name appears on the title-page as the author of *Confessions to a Heathen Idol,* is in reality Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock, secretary of the Nature Club of America and a very well-known lecturer and writer. She is the wife of Professor J. H. Comstock, the entomologist, and is herself a lecturer in Cornell University. In collaboration with her husband she wrote the *Manual for the Study of Insects,* to which she contributed the illustrations. This work required all her leisure time for fourteen years, for there was believed to be no wood engraver then capable of making sufficiently accurate pictures of insects. Mrs. Comstock mastered the wood-engraver's craft for the specific purpose of illustrating this book.

Boutet de Monvel

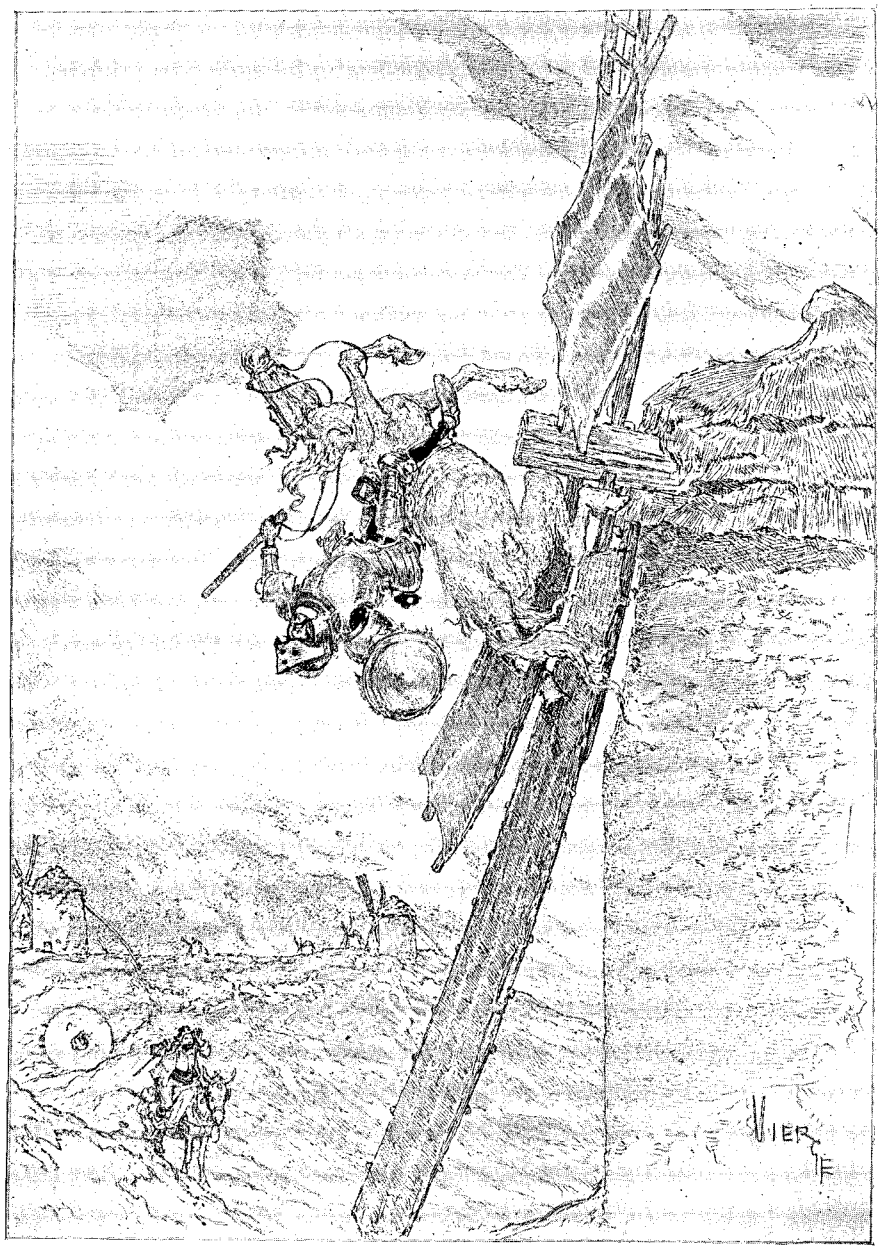
There is a striking fitness in the new *Joan of Arc* that is written and illustrated in colour by Louis Maurice Boutet de Monvel. For De Monvel in his work has always been closely associated with the story of the Maid of Orleans. "Open this book with reverence, my dear children," he appeals to young readers, "in honour of the humble peasant girl who is the Patroness of France, who is the Saint of her country, as she was its Martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must believe that you will conquer. Remember this in the day when your country shall have need of all your courage."

DANIEL VIERGE AND DON QUIXOTE



THE love of books is like the love of women, in that it shows an infinite variety in kind and in degree. Between the sensuous delight of the opulent collector in rare editions and costly bindings, and the scholar's reverence for a faultless text, though paper and cover be of the humblest, there is the measure of difference between the flesh and the spirit. Yet whether the chief attraction of a volume, as of a woman, lies in the outward beauty or in the deeper charm of noble thoughts, there is, I believe, in the heart of every possessor of books an unrealised ideal, with which the volumes upon his shelf are at best only a compromise. There is something abnormal about the man or woman who has never felt the pleasurable anxiety of choosing an edition of a favourite author, never hesitated over the number of the volumes, the quality of the binding, the size of the printed page, but simply accepted the first set offered as heedlessly as one ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DON QUIXOTE'S DISASTROUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE WINDMILLS

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROME

Copyright, 1907, by Charles Scribner's Sons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cepts a railway guide or a telephone directory. To every one with an inborn love of books, whether his taste runs to Homer and Dante or to Scott and Dumas, there must come from time to time the dream of an edition beyond question or reproach, an edition whose value is not measured by priority or expense or rarity, by artist-proof illustrations, or the richness of gold tooling on its covers—but simply an edition in which author and editor, artist, printer and binder have wrought as though inspired by a single mind, a single purpose, and each in his province produced a masterpiece. But because the needful genius and sympathetic understanding and self-effacement are a combination rarely found, such editions remain for the most part in the realm of the unattainable. All too often, editor and artist, printer and binder, are openly striving to see which can scramble first and highest into publicity upon the author's shoulders. Far better than the pomp and pride and obvious self-seeking of the typical *edition de luxe* is a modest, unembellished duodecimo text, that will easily slip in and out of the pocket, and pretends to no other charm than that which the author originally put into it.

Yet now and then the miracle of an ideal edition of one of the world-classics actually occurs—witness, for example, the newly completed Vierge Edition of *Don Quixote* just issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Here is an achievement which justifies an unstinted enthusiasm, because it satisfies the needs not only of those who give to Cervantes's masterpiece an intellectual appreciation, but of that smaller inner circle that yields it the intimate affection of the heart. It is only in the case of the books we really love that inadequate illustrations stir us to a real resentment. For my own part, the long line of illustrators who have successively misconceived Milton and Bunyan, Dickens and Scott, leave my temper unruffled; but I want no artist's pencil to interfere with my Horace or Dante, my Balzac or Dumas—and none save Thackeray's own with *The Newcomes* or *Vanity Fair*. And only yesterday I might still have added Cervantes to the list, sharing in full Mr. Henry Edward Watts's aversion to "the long line of vile attempts to make *Don Quixote* a picture-book." And when Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in his introduction to the Vierge Edition, rejoins that "*Don Quixote* was a picture-book before the first illustrator touched it," because "the author really visualised the creatures of his imagination, and gave them a reality upon the printed page equal in vividness to that which we expect from the brush of a painter," he unintentionally emphasised the superfluousness of illustrations. When an author has the rare gift of such simple and graphic description that even a child may follow the narrative, why, it may well be asked, should any individual intrude upon us with his particular interpretation of scene and character, which must almost inevitably be at variance with our own?

It is precisely in this fact that the Vierge illustrations do not conflict with our own conceptions, but on the contrary seem to merge in them, and to become a continuation and commentary of the text itself, that the special miracle of this edition lies. No one knows, and no one ever will know, the precise mingling of motives which urged Cervantes to the accomplishment of his masterpiece; but surely Lowell was right in implying that modern scholarship is inclined to "attribute to him a depth of intention which, could he be asked about it, would call up in his eyes the meditative smile that must habitually have flickered there." It is enough for us to know that, whatever fact or philosophy or moral we individually find in *Don Quixote*, it is so far as we are concerned really there whether Cervantes consciously put it there or not. For it possesses to an exceptional degree that hall-mark of real greatness which just a few of the world-books share with it, the ability to give forth something specially suited to every age and race, so that the native Spaniard and the foreigner alike feel in youth the irrepressible vitality of its adventures, awaken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next to the inimitable quality of its humour, discover with each re-reading some deeper lesson, some subtler truth, and finally in later years come to recognise its deep and pervading sadness. It is the peculiar merit of the illustrations of Daniel Vierge that they, too, partake of this changeful quality, mirroring back the mood that each reader finds for himself in the text.

As one slowly turns over the pages, with an ever growing delight and wonder at the artist's sympathetic insight and illuminating power, one's interest grows proportionately in the personality of a man whose pencil reveals such close intellectual kinship with the long dead creator of *Don Quixote*. Although he chose to spend the greater part of his brief and afflicted life in Paris, and to call himself by his mother's patronymic, Vierge was as true a Spaniard as Cervantes himself, as his father's name, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, sufficiently testifies. But it was not merely that he had in his blood the inheritance of centuries of Spanish life and tradition, the inborn love of Spanish art and letters. A strange caprice of destiny willed it that the artist, like the author he interpreted, should by a pathetic coincidence perform his task undaunted by a crippled hand, and bravely carry it to a completion, under the very shadow of approaching death. If any extraneous fact could add to the interest of his illustrations, it is that of the man's indomitable will, which refused to admit defeat when, at the age of thirty, a paralytic stroke permanently destroyed the power of his right arm. Patiently he faced the necessity of beginning life anew, and forced the awkward muscles of his left hand to master the old dexterity of his right,

> Yet he was not in the least inclined to make a martyr or hero of himself (writes Mr. Cortissoz). He had superlatives no more for his sufferings than for his art. His resignation had the gallant, winning strain in it which marked him as of the race of Don Quixote. Looking back at him, in his peaceful retreat, with the sounds of summer faintly heard through the door opening on his summer garden, I seem to see him learning, as the "gentle knight and stout" learned, to persist against all odds in his great endeavour. The splendid effort was repaid. He revived his old powers in more than their original force, and, dying after ten years of hard but happy labour, left behind him the drawings of Don Quixote, in which we have the perfect interpretation of one Spanish master by another.

The English text chosen for the Vierge Edition is that of Thomas Shelton, the first in point of time of all the long line of Cervantes's translators, who, if often none too accurate, still holds his own because of the fidelity with which the spirit of the original is retained in his quaint and graphic speech. The edition is limited to eleven hundred and fifty numbered copies, both for Great Britain and the United States; and the four stately volumes, in the quiet dignity of their dark red binding, should be equally dear to the heart of the bibliophile and to the reader who, in Mr. Cortissoz's felicitous phrase, was marked "in his cradle by his good fairy as one of the loyal servants of Cervantes."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

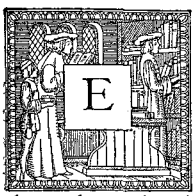
CALENDARIO NUEVO

Like our forefathers, let us count our years
From spring to spring, from flower to flower again;
Mark all our days from gladness—not from pain,
And thus rid life of half its blight and tears.

Ruth Sterry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SONNETS OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON



UGENE LEE-HAMILTON, who died last month in Florence, made his poetic testament in a volume of sonnets published by Elliot Stock in 1894, and far less known than they should be to readers of verse in America.

"Seek not to find me," (he says)
"Where angel trumpets hail a brighter sun

* * * * *

But in some book of sonnets, when day's done.
There in the long June twilight, as you read,
You will encounter my immortal parts,
If any such I have, from earth's clay freed."

Lovers of English poetry, and especially of that subtle form in which Mr. Lee-Hamilton delighted to exercise his skill, will not think that he prophesied too rashly, or that the qualifying clause was necessary. A re-reading of his best-known volume, *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours,* confirms and even strengthens the impression received from its first perusal: that it contains some twenty sonnets of exceptional beauty, and four or five which rank not far after the greatest in the language.

This seems no small praise if one reckons up the number of satisfying sonnets in the "literary baggage" of any one of the English poets, excluding only the master-sonneteers, Shakespeare and Rossetti. Even those most distinguished for the mastery of the recalcitrant form—Wordsworth himself not excepted—can hardly show more than five or six sonnets of sustained perfection. The halting sonnet with one or two immortal lines is familiar enough in the work of the greatest poets; but the rounded whole, even in the case of the greatest, is astonishingly rare. If Mr. Lee-Hamilton's best falls below the supreme instances his average, in both form and thought, is markedly above the lesser sonnets of the great poets. He is indeed distinguished not only for sustained dignity of thought and felicity of image, but for a verbal flexibility which almost always enables him to control the exigencies of the sonnet, instead of being controlled by them.

In spite of their intrinsic beauty Mr. Lee-Hamilton's poems are of the kind best appreciated in the light of the writer's circumstances and environment; and before analysing his work it is necessary to speak of the exceptional conditions under which it was produced. The author of the *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours* drew the name of his volume from his own cruel experience. Beginning life brilliantly in the English diplomatic service, he was seized at the age of twenty-eight by a mysterious illness, presumably of nervous origin, which put an end to all hopes of an active career, and kept him for over twenty years stretched on the low-wheeled couch —"hybrid of rack and of Procrustes' bed"—which several of his sonnets mournfully or ironically apostrophise.

It was thus that, in the Florentine villa of his sister, Miss Paget ("Vernon Lee"), I first saw him, some fifteen years ago, stretched flat and immovable on the "dire bed" where, year after year, he lay gazing with "hungry eyes . . . derided by uneatable gold all round." Completer imprisonment it would be hard to conceive. Mental exertion was almost as difficult as physical movement; and it is proof of the indefatigable vivacity of the poet's fancy that he was able to find so many ways of picturing a state of such unbroken monotony. During those wingless hours, when all use of his eyes was impossible, and his weakness so great that he could not bear to have more than a single line of verse read to him at a time, Mr. Lee-Hamilton still contrived to maintain high commerce with the greatest in art and letters. How he kept his "immortal parts" alive on such meagre fare—how he kept the black flood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the sea of misery from submerging his little "green isles" of intellectual life—those only will understand who know how intensely the flame of thought burns in his poems, and to what high and airy realms his imagination had access.

The *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours* picture the successive phases of despair, submission and triumphant courage through which their author passed in the course of his long illness. The first division of the book, "A Wheeled Bed," paints with the aid of every dark analogy the early period of unrelieved gloom. Yet even then the writer was aware that, among the evil fairies about his cradle, there was a single pitiful one who "In every little tankard full of gall" let fall a drop of the golden wine of poetry; and it is noteworthy how the range and beauty of his poetic expression develops as this magic gift begins to sweeten the bitter draught of life, and to reveal to him that

Through the bars of shadow and their chinks
A face can look, *and twilight's few great stars.*

In the second division the horizon has widened, and the high fixed stars of art and poetry are pouring their rays between the bars of shadow. To this group of sonnets—"Brush and Chisel"—belongs one of the noblest in the volume, "On Raphael's Archangel Michael": a poem that must be cited in full, not only because of its beauty of conception and excellence of form, but because it is so representative of the writer's final attitude toward life.

From out the depths of crocus-coloured
morn,
With rush of wings, the young Archangel
came,
And diamond spear; and leapt, as leaps a
flame,
On Satan, where the light was scarcely
born;
And rolled the sunless Rebel, bruised and
torn,
Upon the earth's bare plain, in dust and
shame,
Holding awhile his spear's suspended aim
Above the rayless head in radiant scorn.
So leaps within the soul on Wrong or Lust
The Warrior Angel whom we deem not
near,
And rolls the rebel impulse in the dust,
Scathing its neck with his triumphal tread,
And holding high his bright coercing spear
Above its inexterminable head.

Mr. Lee-Hamilton did not always face his fate with this bright equanimity. He suffered too much, and was too keenly sensitive to all the joy and beauty denied him, not to have his moods of dark relapse; but his verse proves that, as the years passed, he found increasing strength to bear his pain, and increasing consolation, in that very sensitiveness to imaginative reactions that had once been the cause of his intensest misery.

The world of beauty that had so tormented him became more and more his solace and his refuge. He sent his mind down the long vistas of art and history and human thought, and it came back stored with high images and fortifying memories. Such sonnets as "The Waifs of Time," "The Horses of Saint Mark," and "The So-called Venus of Milo" bear witness to this increasing mental detachment, and fitly lead up to the third division of the book, in which the poet meditates on the problems of life and fate.

His thought has come full circle; but he has found himself again as a part of the world-all, a sharer in the general lot of man. If the note of sadness still sounds through these sonnets it is wrung from him by the "tears of things" and is not the utterance of an isolated grief. He formulates his creed in two of the finest sonnets of this division, "The Ring of Faustus" and "Cæsar's Ghost." Faust's ring, which keeps him magically young and fair, is "Faith-in-good"—

Remove it not, lest straightway you behold
Life's cheek fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old.

And Cæsar's ghost, which "with a sword of shadow" turned the tide of battle, is "The ghost of some high impulse or great plan" which, in a moment of moral crisis, may appear to the man who has murdered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, and turn the tide of his struggle against evil.

Mr. Lee-Hamilton never lost his robust faith in each man's power to mend the world a little.

Just because we have no life but this,
Turn it to use; be noble while you can;
Search, help, create; then pass into the night.

This is the keynote of the division entitled "The After-Life." Professor Le Dantec has brilliantly said: *"La mort c'est le triomphe de l'athée";* and substituting agnostic for atheist, and illness for death, the phrase may well be applied to Mr. Lee-Hamilton. His attitude toward suffering and privation is the noblest vindication of his creed, and has inspired some of the most serene and beautiful of his poems. "Sea-Shell Murmurs," perhaps the finest sonnet in the volume, is one of these, and another of almost equal imaginative quality is "Idle Charon."

One may have been tempted, in reading Mr. Lee-Hamilton's earlier pages, to see the same analogy between his *Weltanschauung* and that of Leopardi as between their physical infirmities. To both poets "The gates of pearl are crumbling fast. . . . And earth is the reality"—but Mr. Lee-Hamilton, in a sonnet written, appropriately enough, "On the fly-leaf of Leopardi's poems," has shown the fundamental difference of the conclusion he draws from this premiss.

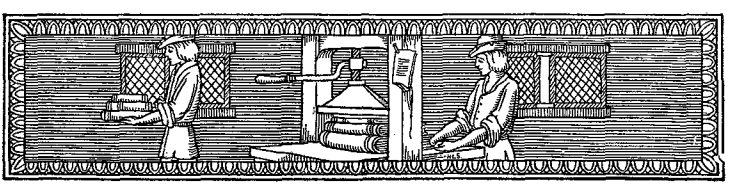
There was a hunch-back in a slavish day,
Crushed out of shape by Heaven's iron weight,

who poured scorn on the God imprisoning him, "And called the world the mud in which he lay." And mud it is—but a tillable and fruitful mud; and even to those imprisoned in the most cruel moral or physical anguish, its bare tracts

Conceal, perchance, some buried urn all filled
With golden Darics stamped with a winged shape.

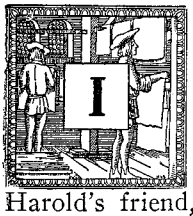
Mr. Lee-Hamilton's book testifies to the truth of his faith. Perhaps because of that latent power of renewal which, some ten or twelve years since, miraculously drew him to his feet, and gave him a Saint Martin's summer of health and happiness; or simply, perhaps, because the angle of his moral vision was different, his rage against the "miscreated world" was the expression of a passing mood and not the essential basis of his philosophy. From the bare tract of his twenty years' bondage he delved out painfully the golden Darics of his verse; and it is not only, or chiefly, because of the precious substance in which they are wrought, but most of all because of the winged shape stamped upon them, that the best of them seem likely—in a phrase he has applied to other works of art—to "stand before us as immortals stand."

Edith Wharton.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLOT THAT WOULD NOT DOWN



T is a good plot, and I shall always say so. But I will give it away to any one who can write it. I can't. Here it is. Edith after marrying Harold falls in love with Tom, Harold's friend, but keeps it strictly to herself. Tom marries. The two families are intimate. Harold dies (pneumonia). Edith, imagining Tom is beginning to care for her, takes herself out of the way. Tom dies (automobile).

That's all. Nothing happens.

I first took that plot and I wove around it an eight-thousand-word story. I called it "Another Version"—a sort of problem story without the problem. Edith was a pink-and-white, unsophisticated English girl, with a bishop for a father. Harold's American friends found her very shy and sweet. When she suddenly realised that she was in love with Tom she was naturally horrified, but, keeping her head, reasoned through several pages that so long as he didn't know it and she remained a loyal wife to Harold there was no sin in it. On the contrary, she herself would be all the better for the experience. Tom was completely unseeing, and when he married she forced herself to become his wife's friend. She was almost too noble for this world, but that was the kind I had her. Then Harold died, and Edith, uncomfortably fancying that Tom was finding his own home unsatisfactory (of course *his* wife had to be made a frivolous, society-loving girl as a foil for the high-souled Edith) and her own sustaining personality too much of a contrast for his peace of mind, wrenched herself away and went back to the bishop, where, such was her self-control, she took up her old life again and settled down into a placid, exterior calm, until she suddenly heard of Tom's death, when she went all to pieces, greatly upsetting the bishop.

Do my best, I couldn't make it anything but mawkish. My idea was to show that people *could* fall in love with other people—married or unmarried—and yet harm neither themselves nor any one else. On the contrary, the general effect was to be ennobling through the forces of repression, sacrifice and unselfishness. It had a deep purpose and a lofty ideal. But it wouldn't go. I tried to liven it up with dashes of attempted humour in the character of Tom, but it was neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, and I sadly stacked it away.

Its next reincarnation was in quite another garb.

Here, under the title "Among the Unnumbered," I had "Her" (no name given) on her knees in church on Easter day amid twinkling lights, flowers, incense, music and all the picturesque setting of a great high festival. And while the successive numbers of Gounod's glorious "St. Cecelia Messe Solennelle" throbbed and pulsed through the arches above her, "She" was recalling (for the benefit of the reader) the various steps in her life story. Up to the time she began to suspect that 'He' cared for her it followed practically along the original lines of the plot. Then it differentiated into, "*Should* she tell her husband and ask him to take her away before "He" became aware of his real feeling?" A convulsive agony of soul, accompanied by a melting tenor solo, decided that she *should,* for "His" sake, and with the last strain of the Recessional she rose from her knees, the white light of martyrdom in her eyes, to meet "Him" at the church door, amid the gay Easter crowd, and to be greeted with:

"I wanted to tell you the first one—congratulate me—we're just announcing it to-day!"

Only a thousand words—short, and, as you can see, wonderfully pointed and suggestive, with sharp contrasts—and it *should* have been snapped up instantly. But the secular press said it was "too religious," and the religious press said that it "never used problem stories." So

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the pigeonhole to join "Another Version" went "Among the Unnumbered."

I was a trifle dampened for a while, but my spirit rose anew in a fresh conception for a setting. Let a child tell the story—unconsciously, of course. Child stories seemed to be flooding the magazines. So I made my heroine a girl of thirteen, who in trying to write an impossible cowboy tale (as "all the other girls were writing") tells in the form of a journal the real story going on under her eyes, and which she doesn't see at all. Here Edith was a "beautiful, white bride rose," with golden hair and the faintest pink in her cheeks, very young, only eighteen, and most fetchingly depicted.

The usual cataclysm transpired, but the ending differed in that, the other man once married, the young wife's wandering fancy returned to her own husband, with everything in train for a happy future.

This was really a masterpiece, full of subtle touches, and filled to the brim with choice treasures to be read between the lines. But no one except myself seemed able to find them. One magazine "did not publish juvenile literature." Others needed "action, plot, real characters and some attempt at clearness of style." And "Eyes that See Not," after a few unsuccessful preliminary blinkings, closed in final slumber with its predecessors.

Still the insistent plot wouldn't let me alone. Another vehicle for its working out presented itself. I had tried Simplicity, Tragedy, Unconsciousness, now let Sarcasm have its fling.

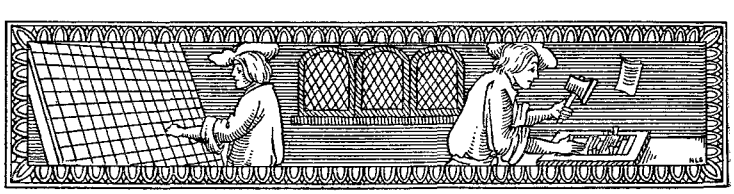
With renewed enthusiasm I started out on "The Unexpectedness of Edith." Harold was neatly described in a humorous-satirical manner, and Edith, a beautiful Greek goddess, with a Salem ancestry, was treated in the same vein. The medium of communication was a maiden aunt, whose energies were obliged to work overtime to keep up with the intellectual and moral stunts of her young but terribly recollected relatives. The "unexpectedness" was to be elucidated by the mental gymnastics of the aunt on finding that Edith, the cold, the poised, was really madly and uncontrollably in love with Tom. But after writing some two thousand words of light comedy, I found I couldn't develop the plot in the usual way without verging on tragedy, which would necessitate a change from the flippant attitude I was assuming. Whereas if I had it end "happily" I would have to wade through seas of blood over Harold's corpse, and also that of Mrs. Tom, who would, of course, have to be disposed of; and while they were being killed off (the modish solution—divorce—was naturally out of keeping) my tone of facetious ridicule would again have to be abandoned.

This time I fell beneath the chariot wheels of this juggernaut plot and retired from the contest completely baffled.

I finally took the first part of the story and fitted on an entirely different ending to suit the style of the narrator—cut out Tom and the problem element altogether, had Edith and Harold wrenched apart and as violently reunited, and in the end it turned out to be broad farce—*and* "available."

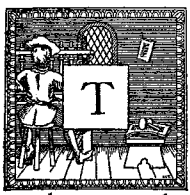
But I insist it is a good plot, and I would like to see it utilised. For myself, I have taken to nature stories. It is far easier to invent and make compelling the most improbable plot of that kind than to develop this one, which adds to its other unsurmountable difficulties the crowning impossibility of being absolutely true.

Mary Buell Wood.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMING OPERA SEASON



HE opera season is at hand; the two theatres in New York devoted to the presentation of music drama are presently to open their doors, and the New York public is quite ready to rush in when the doors are open, because New York has made a fetich of opera. Two singing theatres open at the same time, in the same city, using practically the same repertoire, and both successful: the idea itself is not comprehended by the European, for all over the Continent, although the singers are paid much less than in America, and expenses are correspondingly lighter, the opera houses rely upon some external means of support. Society takes care of Covent Garden in London; the two opera houses in Paris are supported by the Republic; in Germany each petty kingdom or state is compelled to furnish the capital necessary to keep the state theatres open.

There is a reason for the popularity of this particular form of art in New York, a reason seldom appreciated, and not believed when it is stated, but nevertheless it is the true one. The success of opera in New York depends upon the fact that better performances in many respects are given here than elsewhere, notwithstanding that in producing opera in three languages it is difficult to achieve an artistic ensemble. Opera first of all, however, requires singers, and the best of these our two managers have secured, to the detriment of some of the foreign theatres.

London opera is not a subject for laudation. As one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company recently said to the writer, "It has all the defects and none of the good points of the polyglot system." The *ensembles* are weak; singers with no experience are permitted to sing leading rôles. Most of the operas are staged without taste and the stage manager wastes no time attempting to make his chorus anything more than a set of lay figures, nor does he experiment with light effects. But even London laughs at the *ensembles* at the Grand Opera in Paris, where an Alvarez or a Litvinne is supposed to be sufficient unto an opera. However, in stage management and lighting effects the Opéra-Comique in the French capital is essentially artistic. Any one who has seen the clear white light piercing through the darkness and falling on the crouching figures in the second act of Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* or watched the slave dragged off for crucifixion in the third act of *Aphrodite* or seen Pelléas fall, a splash of blue in the pale moonlight, while Mélisande slips away, an uncertain white figure, through the trees, will not easily forget these marvellous stage pictures. But the Comique is not famous for voices, and Mr. Hammerstein has lured away the best of these, leaving, it is true, Messrs. Beyle and Clement, besides sending Madame Pauline Donalda there from New York. The heroes of the Wagner festival at Munich this summer were Messrs. Burgstaller and Knote, both of whom will sing in New York. There were no heroines. The orchestra under Director Mottl was not improvable, and the stage pictures were of great beauty. The "atmosphere" of the theatre and the evident sincerity of the artists made a deep impression, but even so, memories of some New York performances of *The Ring* were not effaced.

Operas here, especially the older works, are not always staged with the greatest care. But Europe could do no better than was done with *Salome* and *Madame Butterfly* at the Metropolitan and *La Navarraise* and *Carmen* at the Manhattan last season. The orchestras are frequently unfavourably criticised, and yet at both houses they often reach high levels; they are seldom less than excellent. The best conductors of the world have wielded the baton here at different times, and of the quality of the singers there can be no doubt. A few singers still make Europe habitable for the opera

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUSTAV MAHLER, WHO WILL DIRECT A SEASON OF THE GERMAN WORKS AT THE METROPOLITAN

lover. Madame Emmy Destinn will remain another year at the Berlin Opera before coming to America; Madame Selma Kurz, whose trill is phenomenal, asked, it is said, $12,000 a month of Mr. Hammerstein, and so she will continue to sing at Vienna; Madame Irma Koboth, a Mozart singer of much charm, remains in Munich. But Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Conried have been exceedingly successful in their efforts to engage important artists, and they have left few singers of consequence behind.

New operas, interesting revivals, are more difficult to decide upon. *Salome,* the wonder-child of the new German school, has been done in New York even more marvellously than elsewhere. It is the only success among the new German works at even the German houses, where it seems to have lost none of its interest, for in Berlin alone last winter it was sung forty times. Italy at present means Puccini, whose *Bohème* is in the repertoire of practically all the singing theatres of the world. After Puccini, impresarios who search for opera in Italy must fall back on Leoncavallo, who seems to have spoken out once and for all in *Pagliacci;* Mascagni, whose *Cavalleria Rusticana* will be alternated with performances of *Iris* this year; Giordano, whose *Fedora* was a success of clothes and Cavalièrian beauty last season; Cilea, whose *Adriana Lecouvreur* will be produced early in the fall at the Metropolitan; Ponchielli, whose *Gioconda* will be revived; and Catalani, who is being more or less snubbed since the failure of his *Loreley* last summer in London. France at present is wavering between two schools: the saccharine, pseudo-Italian, represented by Massenet, the favourite composer of Paris, Saint-Saëns and Reynaldo Hahn; and the subtle, mystic, degenerate, represented by Vincent D'Indy, Claude Debussy, Paul Dukas and, weakly enough, by Camille Erlanger. Of the first school we shall hear much this year, as four of Massenet's operas and two of Saint-Saëns are announced. Of the second, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* perhaps the best example, will be given at the Manhattan Opera House.

Out of this struggling mass of modernity each manager has selected what he considers suitable for New York, and has

CHALIAPINE AS MEFISTOFELE AT THE METROPOLITAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLIVE FREMSTAD AS CARMEN AT THE METROPOLITAN

varied novelty with the revival of some not too well-known works. And of course the bone and substance of the repertoire is always with us. There seems to be an indication, however, that exclusive of the older Italian works and the necessary *Faust* and *Carmen*, an attempt will be made to divide the repertoire. Mr. Conried, by engaging Mr. Gustav Mahler, of the Royal Court Theatre in Vienna, has shown that a great deal of the force of his institution will be spent upon the German music dramas. The fifty-seven orchestral rehearsals of *Salome* last season took much time away from the preparation of the Italian and French works, and the result seemed to indicate that the proportion must be changed; that either the Italian and French operas or the German music dramas must predominate. Mr. Mahler is an indefatigable rehearser, and as he represents the German school, his presence is likely to have a decided influence on the repertoire. Mr. Hammerstein, on the other hand, has announced a number of French works suitable for the smaller auditorium of the Manhattan Opera House, which makes the performances of Donizetti, Mozart and Bizet there delightfully possible.

The season is to open November 4th at the Manhattan, when Mr. Hammerstein offers a revival of *Gioconda*, with Mesdames Nordica and De Cisneros and Messieurs Zenatello and Sammarco in the cast. Two weeks later, on November 18th, Mr. Heinrich Conried will open the Metropolitan Opera House with Cilea's opera, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, in which Madame Cavalièri and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti will appear. Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Mr. Chaliapine, will probably be given Wednesday of the same week; *Aïda*, with Madame Gadski and Mr. Caruso, and *Rigoletto*, with Madame Sembrich and Mr. Bonci, are to follow on Thursday and Friday. Both seasons will last twenty weeks, and at the Metropolitan an extra Thursday night subscription performance will be added. Mr. Hammerstein will cling to the usual subscription nights for another season, with the privilege of giving, when he so desires, extra performances on Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Mr. Conried announces comparatively few new singers. Mr. Theodore Chaliapine, the Russian basso, is perhaps the most notable of these. In the different operas dealing with the Faust legend this artist has made a deep impression in the European cities where he has appeared. He will make his New York début at the Metropolitan. Madame Berta Morena, a German soprano whose voice is at pres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERALDINE FARRAR IN "TANNHÄUSER" AT THE METROPOLITAN

ent not in the best condition, makes her first appearance here. She was promised for last season, but her health failed her and she was obliged to retire for a year, returning to the stage in August at the Munich Wagner festival. She is an extremely beautiful woman. Her rôles are Sieglinde, Elsa, Elizabeth and like parts. There are several new tenors: Mr. Riccardo Martin, who was successful with the San Carlo Opera Company last season; Mr. Alessandro Bonci, who is responsible for the revival of *Puritani* and other archaic operas; and Mr. Heinrich Knote, still in his prime and one of the best of German tenors.

Most of the well-known singers of this organisation are re-engaged. The incomparable Olive Fremstad will come back not only to sing Sieglinde, Kundry and Venus, but also Isolde, and in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Madame Fremstad has spent months on her study of Isolde, and much is expected of her conception of the part from those who have followed the career of this admirable artist. Madame Marcella Sembrich will still preserve the *bel canto* tradition; Madame Emma Eames returns, ambitious to conquer dramatic rôles; Mesdames Geraldine Farrar, Bella Alten, the beautiful but unmelodious Madame Cavalièri and Madame Gadski, all are re-engaged. Mesdames Louise Homer, Kirkby-Lunn, Josephine Jacoby and Frida Langendorff will divide the contralto rôles. Of the men, Messieurs Caruso, Burgstaller, Burrian, Dippel (who sings all parts in all languages), Scotti, Journet, Goritz, Van Rooy and perhaps Plançon will return. Mr. Guiseppe Campanari will also sing again at the Metropolitan after a season's absence. Mr. Alfred Hertz, to whom we are indebted for the wonderful orchestra which played the *Salome* music last year, is re-engaged to conduct many of the German works; Mr. Bovy will conduct the French operas, but a new Italian conductor, Mr. Rudolfo Ferrari, will replace Mr. Arturo Vigna, who resigned in the spring.

But the most interesting announcement made by Mr. Conried is the fact that Mr. Gustav Mahler will come to assist in

BERTA MORENA, WHO WILL SING WAGNER RÔLES AT THE METROPOLITAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUFRANNE IN "PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE" AT THE MANHATTAN

the presentation of the German works at the Metropolitan. It is possible that under his direction an entire cycle of the Wagner music dramas, from *Der Fliegende Holländer* to *Parsifal,* will be given. Mr. Mahler is a composer of note, a conductor of the greatest authority, and his taste in matters Wagnerian is accurate. Mozart he conducts with delicacy, Wagner with fire and passion, sweeping an audience with his force.

The large number of German singers engaged for this season will make it possible to give an interesting presentation of the music dramas. *Der Fliegende Holländer* has not been heard here for several seasons, and the early promised revival will be welcome. *Die Meistersinger,* which was not given last year, will be presented this fall with Messieurs Heinrich Knote, Goritz, Van Rooy and Madame Gadski in the cast. *Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, The Ring, Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal* are all in the repertoire.

Two of the Mozart operas are announced and will be given under Mr. Mahler's direction, *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro.* The unfitness of the Metropolitan stage and auditorium for the miniature operas of this composer has long been recognised, but it is perhaps better that they be heard under unfortunate conditions rather than not at all. An "all-star" cast is being planned for *Don Giovanni,* which may include Mesdames Farrar, Eames and Sembrich and Messieurs Bonci, Chaliapine and Scotti. Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager von Granada* is to be revived, as is Weber's *Der Freischütz.* Madame Fremstad is to have the leading rôle in Beethoven's *Fidelio,* an opera which has been sadly neglected in New York of late.

Poor *Salome* will not dance in New York this winter. It had been planned to give a few performances of the Strauss work at one of the Broadway theatres, as the directors of the Metropolitan have vetoed its repetition at that house, but the sentiment seemed so strong against it in many quarters—Boston and Chicago refused to harbour the opera—that it was thought wise to leave well enough alone.

ALICE ZEPPILLI AT THE MANHATTAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is unfortunate that many New Yorkers will have no opportunity of hearing this most remarkable work, especially as the cast which presented it here was far superior to any which has appeared in the opera in Europe.

Mascagni's *Iris,* an opera with a Japanese story, will relieve the monotony of writing that composer's name before *Cavalleria Rusticana.* Madame Eames is to sing the principal part. Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur,* with Madame Cavalièri in the title rôle, was ready for production last season, and will be the first opera given. Verdi's *Otello* is another promised revival. This work, in the composer's later manner, is by many considered his greatest opera. *Il Trovatore,* which has been absent from the repertoire for a season or so, reappears. Puccini's four popular operas will of course be given. Many of the older Italian works will be revived for Madame Sembrich and Mr. Bonci, and *Aïda, Traviata,*

GERVILLE RÉACHE AS ORPHÉE AT THE MANHATTAN

AMEDEO BUSSI IN "SIBERIA" AT THE MANHATTAN

Lucia, Cavalleria Rusticana and *Pagliacci* are always certainties. It is announced that Boito's *Mefistofele,* with Mr. Theodore Chaliapine, will be one of the spectacular features of the season. The two French versions of the Faust legend will be given—Gounod's *Faust* and Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust.* In both of these also Mr. Chaliapine will appear. *Lakme,* in which Madame Sembrich was seen at her worst last season, has been withdrawn from the repertoire. In fact, *Mignon* (a needless revival), *Romeo et Juliette, Samson et Dalila* and *Carmen* are the only other French works announced. Madame Cavalièri is to be the new Carmen. Madame Eames is also said to be studying the part. Neither could be more incongruous in the part than Madame Kirkby-Lunn, who sang it in London this summer.

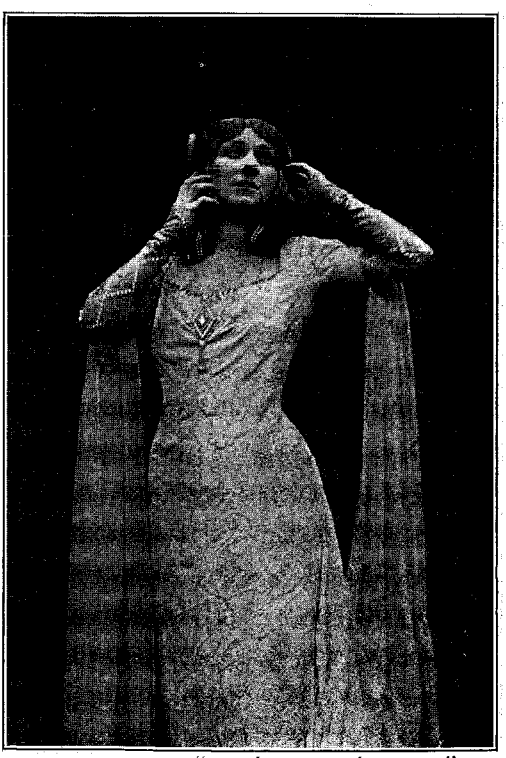
The indomitable Oscar Hammerstein announces much in the way of novelty. Of his new singers, none, perhaps, will attract more attention than Miss Mary Garden, from the Opéra-Comique in Paris, where she has been singing for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEAN PÉRIER IN "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE" AT THE MANHATTAN

past five years. Her fascination on the stage is paramount; in Erlanger's version of Pierre Louys's *Aphrodite* this woman was the talk of the boulevards for several months. Her daring in costume and action made her the idol of the French eye. *Aphrodite* will not be given here this season, but in Debussy's decadent tone poem, *Pelléas et Mélisande,* and Charpentier's charming and realistic *Louise* Miss Garden will have an opportunity of impressing her personality on New York. Madame Lillian Nordica, who has not sung in opera here for some time, has been engaged for the dramatic soprano rôles at the Manhattan, and will open the season in *Gioconda.* She will also be heard in *Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Tristan und Isolde, Don Giovanni, Aïda, Les Huguenots* and *Trovatore.* Madame Schumann-Heink will appear as Fides in *Le Prophète,* as Ortrud in *Lohengrin* and as Brangaene in *Tristan.* She has been engaged for eight performances in December and January. These may be extended, but it is doubtful, as the German contralto makes much more money in concert than she does in opera. Madame Camille Borello, one of Mr. Hammerstein's summer discoveries, will sing in *Dolores, Contes d'Hoffmann, Pagliacci* and *Mefistofele.* Madame Gerville-Réache is a mezzo-soprano who has sung in Glück's *Orphée* at the Opéra-Comique in Paris and in London at Covent Garden. She will have the leading part in *Dolores,* and will alternate with Madame Bressler-Gianoli in *Carmen.*

Three new tenors are to appear on Mr. Hammerstein's stage. Mr. Giovanni Zenatello, who has sung at La Scala in Milan, Covent Garden and South America, will appear in *Gioconda* at the opening performance. Mr. Leon Cazauran is a young French tenor, who has been singing in Cairo and who has never appeared in the European capitals. Mr. Carlo Albani is an unknown singer whom Mr. Hammerstein discovered this summer. Mr. Jean Périer, a baritone from the Opéra-Comique in Paris, has an exquisite French voice. He will be heard as Pelléas. Mr. Dufranne, another bari-



MARY GARDEN IN "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE" AT THE MANHATTAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tone from the Comique, is an interesting singer. The new basso is Mr. Abramo Didur, a Pole, who has recently appeared in Italy, South America and Portugal.

Madame Melba will return in December. She will sing in *Lucia, Rigoletto, Traviata, Romeo et Juliette, Hélène* and perhaps *La Bohème*. Madame Russ will alternate with Madame Nordica in the dramatic soprano rôles; Miss Alice Zeppilli will dash with her charming voice between coloratura and soubrette parts; Miss Emma Trentini, whom Madame Melba has dubbed "the little devil," likewise returns; the stately and beautiful Madame Eleanora de Cisneros will again be the principal Italian contralto. Mr. Charles Dalmorès, best of French tenors, returns; Mr. Amedeo Bassi, who was the idol of the Manhattan gallery last season in *Pagliacci*, is re-engaged; so are Messrs. Arimondi, Ancona and Gilibert. Mr. Maurice Renaud, the French baritone who caused people to be turned away from a performance of *Don Giovanni* last season, something unheard of in New York, where Mozart

LINA CAVALIÈRI IN "PAGLIACCI" AT THE METROPOLITAN

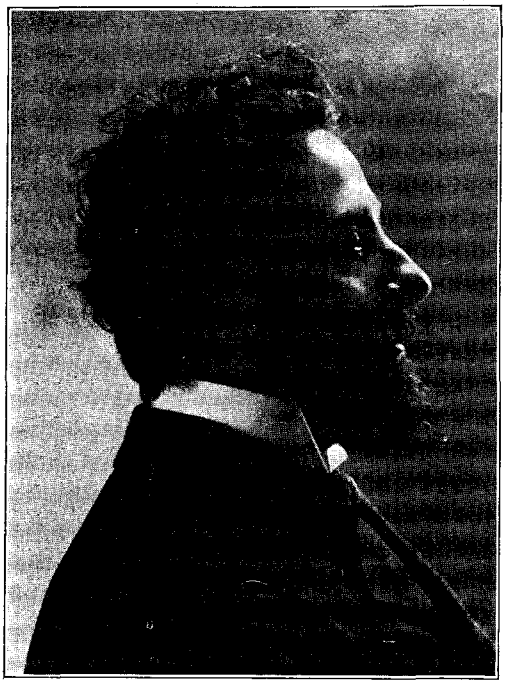
LINA CAVALIÈRI AS MANON AT THE METROPOLITAN

and the "house full" sign are not friends, comes back, and so does Mr. Mario Sammarco, whose fresh young baritone voice was heard for the first time in New York last season.

Mr. Cleofonte Campanini, foremost among Italian conductors, has been re-engaged. To see this director at a rehearsal is to understand how opera is produced. He will have two assistants.

In selecting his list of novelties for next season Mr. Hammerstein has taken into account the intimacy existing in his theatre between singers and audience. It is a house where works of the smaller *genre* can be given with success. One of these, Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*, a charming Opéra-Comique, will be presented with Mesdames Zeppilli, De Cisneros and Borello and Messieurs Renaud and Cazauran. This opera is a great favourite in Germany, and a company from Berlin presented it in London last summer. *Louise* will probably serve for the début of Miss Mary Garden during the third week of the season. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



M. FERRARI

singer made her first success in this work at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, and it was selected for her farewell appearance there last summer. To those who do not know Paris and Montmartre *Louise* may lose some of its charm, but to all it must appeal with its human story of the conflict in a young girl's soul. The words and music are both by Charpentier, who has succeeded in putting into his score characteristic Parisian street sounds. Massenet's *Thaïs* is another opera which will be given to exploit Miss Garden. Revived in Paris this summer with Madame Cavalièri in the title rôle, *Thaïs* renewed its sensation of 1894, when Miss Sybil Sanderson, the young California girl, dazzled French opera-goers. The story of the courtesan who is converted by a young priest only to make him fall in love with her is told in a series of realistic scenes. *Pelléas et Mélisande,* a characteristic work of the most modern French school, will be given at the Manhattan with many of the singers who were in the original French cast, including Miss Mary Garden and Messieurs Jean Périer, Vieulle and Dufranne. The opera follows the Maeterlinck play very closely. A great deal of its success depends upon subtle staging, light effects and colour in costume and scenery, details which were realised absolutely in its presentation at the Comique. The orchestra is a constant mass of changing colour, while the voices are used almost in a conversational way. Massenet's *Manon* is the fourth opera in which Miss Garden will appear. Saint-Saëns's *Hélène,* a one-act opera, will be sung by Madame Melba and Mr. Dalmorès. Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* is interesting in the fact that all the parts

AMEDEO BUSSI IN "SIBERIA" AT THE MANHATTAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

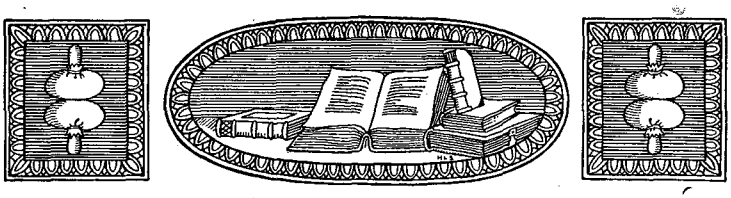
are taken by men. In the cast will be Messieurs Gilibert, Dufranne, Zenatello, Ancona, Sammarco and Arimondi. Madame Bressler-Gianoli will appear again in *Carmen* and Madame Gerville-Réache will be substituted for Madame Calvé in *La Navarraise*.

Of the heavier French operas, *La Damnation de Faust* will be produced immediately after *Gioconda*, with Madame Borello and Messieurs Renaud, Cazauran and Arimondi in the cast. *Romeo et Juliette*, fortunately omitted from the repertoire last season, will be included this, to enable Madame Melba to sing the waltz. Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* is revived for Madame Schumann-Heink. It has been only a few years since it was revived at the Metropolitan for the same contralto. Of course, *Faust* and *Les Huguenots* will be sung.

A Spanish opera by Breton, director of the Madrid Conservatory of Music, will be a feature of the season. This work, *Dolores*, will be sung in Italian, and in the cast will be Mesdames Gerville-Réache and Borello and Messieurs Albani and Dufranne. The Italian works announced are Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* and *Siberia*, a novelty; Verdi's *Aïda*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata* and *Trovatore*; Boito's *Mefistofele*; Ponchielli's *Gioconda*; and *Lucia*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci* and possibly *La Bohème*. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to be repeated, and Wagner's *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde* are promised, although in what language they will be sung is extremely uncertain.

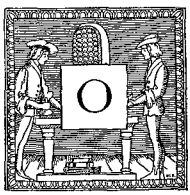
Altogether the season at either house will be interesting, and it is but fitting that the opera year in New York should commence with *Gioconda* and end with *Parsifal*. Catholicity of taste and New York mean the same thing.

Carl Van Vechten.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONVENTION OF ROMANCE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



NE of the popular fallacies regarding realism and romanticism is that while the former is handicapped by the necessity of keeping within the bounds of nature and fact, the latter has no limits save those of the author's riotous imagination. As a matter of fact, it is the romantic fiction, and not the realistic, that is hampered, circumscribed, bound down by the shackles of convention. The romanticist starts with the convention of a logical beginning, whereas the realist knows that every human story has its roots so far in the remote past that the nearest approach he can ever hope to make to a beginning is a bold cross-section through life. And in nine cases out of ten he ends with a convention—the convention of the Happy Ending—the convention that the cruel father relented, or the rich uncle died, or the real criminal was discovered, or the hero reprieved at the eleventh hour; that the curtain descends to the sound of wedding bells and the bridal pair live happily ever after. Whereas the experience of real life teaches that people do not usually relent or die or confess just in the nick of time; they have an unreasonable way of deferring these helpful acts until it is too late to be of service. And even when the Happy Ending does occur, the idea that it ends anything is only one convention the more, because in real life a story no more ends than it begins, owing to the necessity we are under of continuing to live, and no amount of Happy Ending can guarantee that the subsequent years are going to be happy ones.

Then, again, there is the almost universal convention of romantic fiction, that the heroine is superlatively beautiful, the hero splendidly brave, the villain incredibly base; whereas, if we stop to think quietly for a minute, we realise that behind the author's hyperbolic adjectives there are really just an average, womanly young woman and a manly young fellow, who have discovered that they have a genuine liking for each other; that the rival is not such a bad sort of person, either, but on the whole more sinned against than sinning—because it really was no crime for him to have fallen in love with the same girl; and common experience of life tells us that he probably missed winning the girl by the narrowest sort of margin, and that if he had won her, instead of the other man, her chance of happiness would have been just about as good. It seems strange, when you come to think of it, that the convention of the One Man and the One Girl in the World should be acquiesced in so complacently. If people really believed this fundamental doctrine of the romantic school, that somewhere in the world there is just one person waiting for you, the only person with whom you can find your life happiness, what an era of unrest would be ushered in! Courtship and marriage would be embittered by the knowledge of the fearful odds against drawing the one right partner out of the world's millions.

Then there is the convention of the romantic hero's prowess, cleverness and success, his ultimate ability to win out. If at any time he is temporarily discomfited it is only in order to make his later triumph more sweeping. If he loses his purse to-day he wins a fortune to-morrow; if his enemy runs him through the arm in their first encounter, in their next he runs his enemy through the heart. Of course there is the practical necessity of keeping the hero alive, in order that the story should not come to an untimely end; yet, short of the penalty of death, the right sort of hero can suffer a multitude of reverses without alienating the reader's sympathy and affection, as witness our ancient friend, Don Quixote. The Monte Cristos who always escape from prison, the D'Artagnans who always save a queen's honour, the Sherlock Holmeses who never fail to solve a crime, the motley host of Admirable Crichtons of fiction who invariably show their su-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perlative cleverness, are never so real and convincing to us, never so brave or so clever as those who prove the greatness of what they do achieve by the contrast of an occasional failure, the evidence of human fallibility.

It is precisely here that the few great masters of the romantic novel reveal their inherent instinct for truth by venturing to break away from the trammels of convention. Indeed, to a follower of the realistic creed it seems no exaggeration or paradox to say that the greatness of the romanticists is in direct proportion to their disregard of the conventions. No one was more keenly aware of this than the most prolific, the most audacious, the most widely loved of them all, the elder Dumas. There is not a single convention which he did not calmly brush aside, not once but many times. For the Happy Ending he cared nothing, either in love or in war. In *Les Trois Mousquetaires* D'Artagnan did, to be sure, bring back the queen's diamonds, but he and his friends together failed to save the life of the woman he loved. In *Vingt Ans Après* the whole plot culminates in another failure, their inability to save Charles I. from the scaffold; and the later volumes record successively the old age of Athos, embittered by the knowledge that a woman has ruined his son's career; the failure of the plot of the Man in the Iron Mask; and the tragic deaths of the three best beloved of Dumas's four immortal heroes. As for the convention of an absolute beginning, no disciple of Zola could have cut a bolder cross-section through the tangle of intrigue and jealousy that made up the life of Louis XIII.'s court. Athos and Porthos and Aramis have behind them whole volumes of adventures, of which, for the most part, we are destined to remain ignorant. They are the product of conditions and influences which we only dimly conjecture, yet which we are not allowed to forget or to ignore. The effect produced is almost as distinct as though Dumas had said frankly at the outset: "There is no beginning to this story. My heroes are what they are, because of the lives they and their fathers before them led, the men they hated, the women they loved, the blood they shed. I might have begun a year earlier, or two years, or twenty, and it would all have been very interesting—as interesting, perhaps, as what will here be recorded. But I had to begin somewhere, and it is my whim to begin just here, with D'Artagnan fresh from his adventure with the man of Meung, and the other three just recuperating from their conflict with the Cardinal's guards. It may not be the best possible beginning, but it will serve."

But few romanticists of the modern school have the robust courage of Dumas. There is undeniably a popular demand for the familiar old conventions of romance, provided they are handled with a certain modernity of touch. As an extreme type of the stereotyped romance of adventure brought sharply up-to-date, the picaresque novel enacted to the music of steam whistle and telephone and the insistent chug-chug of the motor car, there is no better example than *The Car of Destiny*, the latest achievement of those two indefatigable collaborators, C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Had these authors undertaken to write a satire on romanticism they could not have more thoroughly incorporated every one of the familiar and well-worn conventions of the school. One suspects them more than once of having had no small amount of amusement out of their success in utilising effectively every known trick of the trade, so to speak. And at the same time they are to be congratulated, because the resultant volume is so fresh and ingenious and apparently spontaneous that it can be read with frank enjoyment even by the out-and-out realist, who is half vexed at his own enjoyment while he reads. Convention number one, the absolute beginning: the one man in the world meets the only girl, on a given day, at a given hour, near the Spanish frontier, and straightway the world is recreated and life begins anew. The man is an Anglicised Spaniard, unjustly exiled from his native land; the girl is English, with rank and fortune and a scheming mother to hedge her round and make her inaccessible; but these are mere details. Convention number two: He, being superlatively brave and handsome, and she

"The Car of Destiny"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faultlessly beautiful and charming beyond words, the miracle of love at first sight occurs the moment that their eyes meet, and the exchange of vows follows with a promptness equalled only by that of Romeo and Juliet. But the Only Girl is on her way to attend the marriage of the King of Spain; she is to all intents and purposes affianced to another Spaniard, a villain of the good old school; she and her mother are the guests of the villain, travelling in his own motor car; while the hero, exiled from Spain on suspicion of having once taken part in a Nihilist plot, seems to be rather hopelessly out of the running. But, convention number three: All things are possible to the true hero; the word Failure does not belong to his rôle. In real life, of course, a political exile is a marked man; if not stopped at the frontier he would be surely recognised and arrested within twenty-four days after crossing it. But *The Car of Destiny* is not real life; and no one wants it to be, because it is quite sufficiently enjoyable just as it is. Day after day the Only Girl is hurried unwillingly along broken, precipitous, abominable Spanish highways, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and always, with the persistency of a bloodhound, the motor-car of the hero dogs her trail. And though the villain and the girl's mother, and from time to time the police, are quite aware who the hero is, and how little right he has to trespass on Spanish soil, they don't seem to know just how to go to work to rid themselves of him. And, not to mention the miscellaneous little conventions of stolen letters and forgeries, of hair-breadth escapes from imprisonment, poison and ambuscades, the story arrives triumphantly at a Happy Ending, in which the villain is duly discredited and the hero, received back into favour by his sovereign, rejoices in his restored title and estates, as well as in the possession of the Only Girl. Frankly, the book contains every one of the elements which ought to annoy a reader of critical taste. And yet, paradoxically, instead of annoying, it furnishes a very genuine, even though not enduring, enjoyment.

Mr. Marion Crawford is not without sin regarding the conventions of romance. At least, he follows the time-honoured formula of hero and heroine both endowed by their good fairies with wisdom and virtue and physical charm beyond that of other mortals; loving each other not wisely, but too well, in view of the barriers which an unkind fate persists in raising between them; and eventually breaking down these barriers and living happily ever afterward. More amazing even than the graceful ease of his narrative style is Mr. Crawford's fecundity of invention in ringing the changes upon this limited theme. One recalls for the moment only two of his novels which do not end in the triumph of love—*The Three Fates,* which is one of his most artistic and least popular books; and *Mr. Isaacs,* in which the general public forgave the death of Miss Westonhaugh solely because of an inborn prejudice against having an English girl marry a Mohammedan. His new volume, *Arethusa,* is of its kind a better book than Mr. Crawford has produced for several years—the best in character and in scene since *Pietro Ghisleri.* For the first time since *Paul Patoff* he reverts to the picturesque setting of Constantinople—not the modern city this time, but the Constantinople of the Middle Ages, before its capture by the Turks; the Constantinople of degenerate Byzantine days, when revolutions were a popular pastime, and the imperial household, fathers, sons and brothers, took turns in deposing and imprisoning one another, incidentally putting out eyes and otherwise maiming the rival claimants. Such a revolution is in full swing when the curtain rises upon Arethusa. Zeno, Venetian soldier of fortune, living by choice in Constantinople, is commissioned by a friend to buy for him a slave girl of exceptional beauty and attainments. It happens that the slave dealer has just acquired the very girl to meet the conditions, the daughter of a patrician house, whose father had recently paid for dangerous political views by dying under torture in the arena, and whose sick mother could be saved from starvation only by the girl's voluntary sale of herself into slavery. Of course,

"Arethusa"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the discerning reader speedily foresees that Zeno, having acquired this exceptional paragon, will not pass her on to the friend who gave him the commission, but will keep her for himself; that he will promptly fall under the spell of her beauty, be subtly drawn by her into a well-laid plot to depose the emperor and avenge her father's death, and that the consequent struggles and dangers, imprisonment and torture all lead up to the triumphant overthrow of the reigning despot, the kaleidoscopic pageantry of a rejoicing city, and the glorification of requited love. But into this underlying warp of romance Mr. Crawford has woven the interest that comes from an understanding of the complexity of human emotions, as poignant in the twelfth century as in the twentieth. Zeno and Arethusa and the throng of other characters, high and low, that swarm and crowd and jostle each other through his pages are as truly individual and alive as any of our old friends of the houses of Saracinesca and Astrardente.

Mr. Anthony Hope is one of the few authors who can don and doff at will the mantle of conventional romance. He can amuse himself one day with a grown-up fairy tale of Zenda-land and the next he surprises us with the sober strength of a book like *Quisante*. His latest story, *Helena's Path,* lies somewhere between the two extremes. It has an outward framework of actuality, the atmosphere of present-day English country life; yet into this he has infused a certain spirit of old-time chivalry and homage that gives to his whole picture something of the grace and charm of a Watteau landscape. The whole theme of the volume, which is scarcely more than a novelette, concerns itself with a right of way. The hero's estates lie somewhere on the east coast of England; but between his land and the strip of beach where he and his fathers before him have for generations been in the habit of bathing lies the property which the heroine has recently purchased; and, unaware of any right of way, she closes up the gate through which it is his habit to pass for his daily swim. He writes courteously but firmly, insisting on his right. She answers in the same spirit, emphatically denying it. He refuses to be robbed of his legal rights, even by a pretty woman; she refuses to yield, at a command, what she would have graciously granted to a prayer. As neither side chooses to adopt legal measures, a state of mimic war ensues, in which he continues to invade the enemy's territory, while she continues to barricade and intrench. And all the while, although they have not once met face to face, each is quietly falling in love with the other, so that when finally honourable terms of peace are concluded, it is already a foregone conclusion that the whole dainty little comedy will end with oaths of fealty and bestowal of favours worthy of a knight and a lady of the olden times. It is several years since Mr. Hope has produced anything so thoroughly artistic.

"Helena's Path"

Edward Peple's *Semiramis* belongs to the same order of romance as Margaret Potter's *Ishtar of Babylon,* in that it leaves upon the mind a blurred impression of flamboyant Oriental colouring, the din of clashing sword and dying groans, the struggles of ancient civilisations grappled in their death throes. The sense of swarming hordes is well conveyed; so also is the sense of relentless despotism and wanton cruelty, the inherent savagery of an age that had not learned the virtue of brotherly love. And yet, like the vast majority of the novels that would fain reincarnate a buried antiquity, the sense of actuality is ineffectual. You see men bleed and women suffer, yet the sense of poignancy is absent, because you do not feel that they are real; you know that their nervous system is lacking. Otherwise the plot would be grim to the point of repulsion. King Ninus is in an evil mood because of all the tribes and races from which his greed of power has successively won homage and tribute, one city alone has withstood him, the Bactrian city of

"Semiramis"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zariaspa. So sorely has the prolonged siege exhausted the strength of his army that he must perforce accept a temporary truce in order to recuperate. It is an unfortunate time for his favourite officer, Menon, Governor of Syria, to choose to defy him, and, refusing to accept his king's daughter as wife, secretly marry a Syrian maiden, Semiramis. When he learns the truth, King Ninus's wrath is blended with another and more dangerous emotion, because he, too, comes under the spell of Semiramis's beauty; and thinking that he is sending Menon to certain death, he issues a royal edict that Semiramis shall remain captive in the royal palace until the rebellious city of Zariaspa is taken, and then shall be given as a prize of war to whatever soldier first surmounts the city's ramparts. How Menon sets to work to accomplish the hopeless task, how Semiramis comes to her husband's aid, and how after victory he is treacherously robbed of his just reward rounds out a story that is sure to win favour, provided you are in sympathy with the type it represents.

"Beth Norvell"

Beth Norvell, by Randall Parrish, tells how a prosperous young civil engineer finding himself stranded for a few weeks in a Western town, hires himself out as general utility man to a theatrical company doing one-night stands through the mining district. It is not merely novelty and experience that the young engineer is seeking, but more particularly a chance to come in closer contact with the leading woman, of whom he has caught a single brief glimpse in a hotel corridor. The life of strolling players, the types they represent, the tawdry equipments of third- and fourth-rate theatres, the audiences to which they play, are all rendered with a certain graphic sincerity. But the story itself fairly revels in the old familiar conventions. The hero's noble manhood reveals itself triumphantly through the disguise he wears; the heroine promptly owns her love, but utters the familiar words that she can never be his. There is a mysterious other man, who turns up unexpectedly and makes a great deal of unnecessary trouble before he gets himself shot in a brawl between the local sheriff and a gang of miners. And because the other man happens to have been the actress's husband, and she and her lover each make the mistake of believing that the other is responsible for his death, the story ends with a real, old-fashioned, melodramatic misunderstanding, destined to last until the passage of years has given them both a few grey hairs and a little much-needed common sense. It does seem as though a hero of a decent sort, loving a heroine of a decent sort, might have taken her innocence for granted instead of her guilt, and that she in turn might have given him the benefit of the doubt. But of all conventions dear to the heart of romanticists, that one is dearest which holds that the simple and obvious thing to say or to do is the last thing which hero or heroine ever think of saying or doing.

"Gret"

Gret, by Beatrice Mantle, defined in the sub-title as The Story of a Pagan, is a book to be endorsed for the unpretentious fidelity of its atmosphere and the quiet understanding of human nature revealed in its characters. The background of the story is the great lumber region of the Northwest; the central figure is the daughter of one of the big lumber owners, who is too busy and too seldom at home to keep a proper watch upon her. The girl runs wild among the rough men of the sawmills and the lumber camps, imbibing a precocious knowledge of the business and coming to no actual harm until her father makes a tardy and unwise attempt to curb her liberty. In an hour of foolish rebellion she accepts the boyish offer of a worthless young fellow, and slips away with him to a justice of the peace in a neighbouring town, before whom they go through the form of marriage. This rash act, once accomplished, satisfies her impulse to assert independence, and she quietly returns home, to attach less and less importance, as the months pass by, to that record hidden away in the musty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

files of the justice's office. And at this point the real story begins. Two young men, with plenty of education, a modest capital and no business experience, come into the region and start a shingle factory, which is predestined to failure until Gret benevolently takes a hand in the game, uses her practical experience in the woods and her personal influence with the workmen, and promptly puts the business on a paying basis. All this is a small matter in itself, although told with a simple directness that makes the whole episode stand out as one of the things in fiction that really happened. But the immediate and important consequence of the saw-mill's prosperity is that it draws to the vicinity during the summer months a party of the owners' friends and relatives, and brings Gret into contact with social standards such as she has never known before. And among others, it brings Errol Ludlowe, the man to whom Gret is destined to give the one deep and lasting love of her life. If the conditions under which they came together were not so plainly pictured—the wholesome freedom of the great forests, the simple honesty and frankness of the girl herself—it would be hard to understand how the cultured, wealthy, rather fastidious man of the world came to love the daughter of the lumber camp well enough to offer her marriage. But there is no difficulty at all in understanding how she, in her ignorance, refuses to let her early blunder stand in the way of her happiness; how she cannot believe that a mere verbal form, forgotten almost as soon as uttered, can be binding upon her now, or if it is, how her disregard of it can possibly bring punishment upon any one except herself. And so, when Ludlowe makes his offer, she hides the truth and says "yes," little thinking of the tragedy that will result when he learns, as he inevitably must, of that thoughtless ceremony before the justice of the peace. A sterling book, unmarred by convention.

"Redcoat Captain"

Mr. Alfred Ollivant, the well-known author of *Bob, Son of Battle,* has recently produced a new volume bearing the whimsical title of *Redcoat Captain,* which at first sight is sure to be mistaken for a new species of nursery tale. What it really is requires some degree of courage to pronounce with assurance, for it is quite possible to read into it almost as many different meanings as there are readers. The present reviewer freely confesses that the first perusal brought only a sense of helpless bewilderment, the second an occasional glimmer of intelligence, the third a growing understanding and delight; and in the light of this later reading he ventures to hazard the opinion that *Redcoat Captain* is a book for grown-up children, the universal and perennial love story, told with the joyous irresponsibility of *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* It reminds you at one moment of Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories* and the next of Mr. Barrie's *Little White Bird,* and then again of no one in the world but Mr. Ollivant himself. A good many readers will doubtless frankly take issue with this opinion, and lay the book aside in helpless bewilderment. Yet the effort to understand its tender symbolism is at least worth while, not merely because the inherent romance of youth and love have seldom been treated with such freedom from all that is conventional, but because it contains the key to the right of entry into "that country"—the country of those who have learned to remain young in heart and to look out upon life with the frank serenity of little children. Such at least is one possible interpretation of Mr. Ollivant's curious, alluring and altogether unique volume.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mrs. Burnett's "The Shuttle"*

Although a good many of us have returned now and again to renew acquaintance, it may be said, in a general way, that we took leave of Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy, something like a quarter of a century ago. The savage old earl had been reduced to amiable docility, the claim of the wicked pretender to the Dorincourt estates had been utterly routed, "Dearest" had been duly installed in Dorincourt Castle, and an entire landscape bore an aspect of the most perfect beatitude. By all rights, in this year of Grace 1907, the former Lord Fauntleroy should be a man in his early thirties. He should be sitting in the House of Lords as the Earl of Dorincourt, a title which in the course of natural events probably came to him a good many years ago. Yet, through one of those delightful transformations which, in the Fable Land of Romance, do not impress us as being in the least degree surprising, Fauntleroy has come back to us as a stately, beautiful and altogether charming young American lady of twenty years. In this case she goes from America to England, not as an heir to a great name and estate, but primarily to rescue an unhappy sister and to foil the villainy of the baronet, who is that sister's husband. That is the main difference. For fundamentally *The Shuttle* is *Little Lord Fauntleroy* over again. And be it understood that this is said in a spirit, not of disparagement, but of candid admiration. For as *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was good, this book is good, and added to the "Fauntleroy" idea there is a great deal more.

The Shuttle is not an easy book to review. There is so much to say about it. You may call it melodrama, if you please, and be quite correct. It is melodrama, but melodrama of the highest kind, which in the theatre appeals not to the Bowery, but to the best of Broadway. You may say that it is the old method, and so it is. But grafted on the old method is the new thought. You may say that in the character of Sir Nigel Anstruthers Mrs. Burnett has laid on the black strokes with the thickest kind of a brush; but you must confess that she has done so to a purpose, and acknowledge that the rascal exasperates you as much as any villain of recent fiction. One thing that will never be said is that the book is uninteresting.

Like the old melodrama, *The Shuttle* has a prologue. This tells of how, at a time when Americans were cruder than they are nowadays, and the international marriage was still something of a novelty, Sir Nigel Anstruther crosses the Atlantic in search of an American heiress, whose dollars are needed to restore his tarnished name and debt-ridden estate. Fate brings about his marriage with the gentle, timid, elder daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel, the great millionaire, and her he takes back to Stornham Castle and his grim old she-devil of a mother. This part of the book is not pleasant reading. The fortune which has been given the young wife by her father is in her own name, a condition of affairs which Sir Nigel regards as outrageous. She must be coerced into signing it away and brought to the proper understanding of a wife's duty to an English husband.

"I did not know," she broke forth at last. "I never understood. I knew something made you hate me, but I didn't know you were angry about money." She laughed tremulously and wildly. "I would have given it to you—father would have given you some—if you had been good to me." The laugh became hysterical beyond her management. Peal after peal broke from her; she shook all over with her ghastly merriment, sobbing at one and the same time.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she shrieked; "you see I thought you were so aristocratic. I wouldn't have dared to think of such a thing. I thought an English—an English gentleman—oh! oh! to think it was all because I did not give you money—just common dollars and cents—that I daren't offer

*The Shuttle. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a decent American who could work for himself."

Sir Nigel sprang at her. He struck with his open hand upon the cheek, and as she reeled she held up her small, feverish, shaking hand, laughing more wildly than before.

"You ought not to strike me," she cried; "you oughtn't. You don't know how valuable I am. Perhaps"—with a little crazy scream—"perhaps I might have a son."

Twelve years elapse and the scene of the story shifts for a brief period to America. The Shuttle has woven "steadily and with increasing rapidity." Old grievances have been forgotten, old prejudices outlived. England and America are infinitely closer and Bettina Vanderpoel, the younger sister of Lady Anstruthers, who, as a child of eight, was the only one of her family to understand rightly the character of Sir Nigel, is on the point of sailing for England with the idea of clearing away the mystery of the long years of apparent estrangement. In her hero and in her heroine Mrs. Burnett has given us striking studies of reversion to type. Just as Lord Mount-Dunstan, whom the world unjustly holds to be the last of a bad lot, approximates his remote ancestor, the sturdy, fighting Red Godwyn of Saxon times, in Bettina are apparent the masterful blood and dominant personality of her great-great-grandfather, the first Reuben Vanderpoel, the lauded hero of a thousand tales of thrift and enterprise. But when the first Vanderpoel could not spell, the fifth generation represents the full result of a century and a quarter of evolution. In her we see the prestige of a wealth so great that it is power. The inherited force and ability to do things which she takes with her to England in a person of less tact and delicacy might irritate. With her there is never a jarring note. The story of that trip—the redemption of poor little Lady Anstruthers from misery and premature old age, the rehabilitation of Stornham Castle, the struggle between Bettina and Sir Nigel, and the very pretty development of the loves of the heroine and Lord Mount-Dunstan—is the story of *The Shuttle*. Analysed carefully, the canvas is not a large one, yet somehow it gives the impression almost of immensity. Long as the book is when judged by the standards of the day, there is very little that one would willingly spare. There is only one thread which may be critically regarded as superfluous. That introduces G. Selden, the American "tripper," who is in Europe partly for pleasure and partly in the interests of the Delkoff typewriter. Nearly everything that has to do with him might be ignored without seriously impeding the action of the narrative. Fundamentally he is not important, yet if he were left out it would be almost a case of *Hamlet* without the Dane. For vital as are the characters of more apparent consequence, keenly interesting as is the plot, and striking as is the theme, the inevitable success which awaits *The Shuttle* is due, first and foremost, to G. Selden, "Agent."

Beverly Stark.

II

Mrs. Wharton's "The Fruit of the Tree"*

It is one of the penalties of so striking a success as Mrs. Wharton achieved in *The House of Mirth* that for a long time to come all her work must endure the comparative judgment. The first question asked concerning *The Fruit of the Tree* will pertain neither to its proper merits nor its formal classification. "Is it as good as *The House of Mirth?*"—that is the query that must be met at the outset, unless it is anticipated by the no less pressing interrogation, "Will it be as popular as *The House of Mirth?*" The implied distinction must be maintained. Those shallow-pated readers who identify merit with popularity are not to be found in the intellectual circles to which Mrs. Wharton ministers. Rather is her most numerous following among those who forgive the popularity for the sake of the merit. But since the dual question is sure to be propounded, and the dilemma cannot be avoided by even the humblest commentator, I may at once lay a reckless hand on either horn by hazarding the opinion that *The*

*The Fruit of the Tree. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fruit of the Tree, though a better book than its predecessor, is not likely to provoke an equal amount of that heated and emotional public discussion which is the true sign of popularity.

And so enough of the grocer's quantitative method of weighing genius. It is more gratifying to declare Mrs. Wharton's new book a novel that richly repays reading, without reference to intrusive comparisons. To the reader of much fiction of the day, and even more perhaps to the craftsman, its craftsmanship must be a delight. It is not merely that the author knows how to write, though even this faculty, which ought to be taken for granted, is sufficiently rare. She knows also how to manage and develop a story. Her skill in this province of her art is all the more striking because her latest work is frankly disdainful of certain traditional precepts. It lacks unity. Its point of view is not single. It does not flow evenly, but leaps over years in a paragraph and halts for pages over a momentary incident. It takes in different groups of personages whose relations are shifting and varied, and the main interest is more than once transferred from one character to another.

These facts might well excite the academic person who reads by rule. But it should be remembered that Mrs. Wharton has established her right to ignore rules by first proving how faithfully she can observe them. The perfectly direct development of Lily Bart's career, though it was empty of the dramatic element, was structurally an almost faultless narrative. In *The Fruit of the Tree* the problem is, if not actually bigger, at least vastly more complex—or, rather, there are two or three distinct though related problems dealt with. It is not altogether discreditable to Mrs. Wharton that she has attempted a more difficult task, and the only valid test of her success or failure is the concrete one—the impression produced by an honest reading of the book. The truth is that the structure of the story is for the most part managed with admirable skill. The transitions are effected so easily that there is no jar, and the point of view throughout is large enough to allow for some variation without forcing a consciousness of the change. Only the shifting of attention from one to another of the principal characters, resulting in a lessening of the grip of the story, must be recorded as a positive fault. The stage is set in the beginning around the figure of John Amherst, at first a worker in the Westmore mills and eventually their virtual owner, and it is his relation to the mills that furnishes the semblance of a unifying interest. But the personal problem springing from this relationship falls into abeyance for a time as the character of his first wife emerges into the light, and it drops nearly out of sight before the more poignant demand of the situation which develops toward the end around the woman who becomes his second wife. Hers is the real drama, for which all that goes before is mere preparation. And the preparation goes back too far, is too thorough; the length of the approach dwarfs the edifice.

But I have dwelt too long on purely formal considerations. Mrs. Wharton's highly polished style and mastery of her craft imply at least that the stuff she has put into her book is worthy of some attention. But when one comes to examine the story itself and the ideas that lie back of it some very large questions obtrude themselves. Here the backward view with its comparison is inevitable again. No one who has followed this author's career attentively can have failed to note that *The House of Mirth* betrayed a decided change of front; and the terms in which this change is characterised are likely to involve one's view of the whole province of fiction. In her earlier work, and particularly in the best of it as contained in certain of her short stories, Mrs. Wharton showed herself the cultivator of a highly specialised field. The problems with which she dealt were subtle ones, and her characters were tinged with the morbid excess of sensibility which seems to us to belong to modern life. It was not for nothing that she was proclaimed the faithful disciple of Mr. Henry James. Perhaps the persistent attribution of this discipleship stung her to seek escape into a different field. Whatever the reason, the marks of her former master's influence have almost wholly disappeared in her later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work; for her recent book, *Madame de Treymes,* though reminiscent of Mr. James as to subject, is scarcely so as to treatment. In *The Fruit of the Tree* there is elaboration of plot, but little of the complexity that springs from the interaction of highly individualised characters. The persons of the drama are indeed somewhat conventionalised into the guise of "types," and the situation into which they are finally plunged provokes a reference to literature rather than to life. Ingeniously, plausibly as the climax is developed, it is possible to feel that it is a wonderfully clever invention, not an organic growth.

All this the contemner of popularity may explain by asserting that Mrs. Wharton's inspiration has dwindled as her technical mastery has increased. On the other hand, it may be declared that she has sought a universal note in place of the limited appeal of her earlier work; and the advocate of this view can at least have the satisfaction of pointing triumphantly to the fact that she now has twenty readers where she formerly had one. For the reader who is honestly in doubt as between these two extremes of opinion there is no course open but to fall back on the heartiest praise of Mrs. Wharton's fine and exceptional gift, and the liveliest curiosity as to what pleasure it may still have in store for us.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

Mr. Howells's "Between the Dark and the Daylight"*

A septet of Mr. Howells's short stories of more or less recent date has been published in *Between the Dark and the Daylight,* a title that serves with sufficient aptness to link the majority of them together. The first four of these romances are curious studies in psychology, their subject being the borderland where the conscious merges into the subconscious, memory into forgetfulness, fact into self-deception, mind into physical processes, conscious mental control into dreams. How much of what Mr. Howells speculates upon in these four stories, and attempts to analyse with acute ingenuity, is experience, his own or obtained from others, and how much of it deductive invention, it were hard to say, but the form into which two of them are cast—that of reminiscences told over the coffee cups—may be taken as evidence that they have at least some basis in fact. Mr. Howells has visited the borderland ere now, bringing back from it material of this kind, tales of the super-normal and the abnormal, the extra-natural, if not the supernatural. His interest in dreams was made manifest in his deliciously inconclusive paper on his own, published some years ago.

That the material for the first of these stories has been derived from a psychopathist, if not an alienist, admits of little doubt, though its indirect origin may well be traced to the crudely sensational tales of suspended memory once so popular in our fiction. Briefly outlined, "A Sleep and a Forgetting" presents a case of the "persistence of personality, character, identity, consciousness, after the loss of memory," Mr. Howells proceeding from this to the daring question whether this soul, which is passing in its integrity through time without the helps, the crutches of remembrance by which our earthly personalities usually support themselves, cannot pass so through eternity without that loss of identity which is equivalent to annihilation? Here Mr. Howells stops; he poses the question; he does not attempt to answer it. His heroine recovers her power to remember the past, but her case leaves us with an interesting problem to ponder upon.

"The Eidolons of Brooks Alford," the second story in the collection, is an excursion into the field of psychophysics. By staring at the glare of the sunlight on the water, as we all know, dancing spots are produced which become visible the moment the eyes are averted. This phenomenon is also observed, without the preliminary stare, when the general physical condition is not good; when, in current parlance, the "system is run down." Mr. Howells's patient, a scientist sadly in need of a long rest, develops a

*Between the Dark and the Daylight. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curious complication of this affection: his physical sight produces automatically the images his mind calls up. The image seen oftenest is that of the handsome, gracious young widow who takes a friendly interest in the lonely scientist. He sees her first sitting in his bedroom when he retires in the evening, as he has seen her sitting in the hotel "parlour," with a distinctness so deceptive that he protests aloud against the unconventionality of this visit, and its dangers. But the next moment she vanishes; even the chair upon which she has been sitting in the vision proves to have been nonexistent. Thereafter his mind produces again and again a physical vision of her. Mr. Howells wisely takes the "case" to a D.O.S., who is also an M.D.; the romance, a quiet one, he keeps in his own sympathetic, kindly, humorous care.

Thus far the psychopathist and the physician. The next case concerns the man of law, and the reliability of evidence honestly given, which Professor Münsterberg has undertaken to discuss for us of late. The protagonist of this story starts out to do a certain thing, planning it carefully beforehand. He executes his purpose only in part, then unconsciously drops a link, nullifying all that follows, yet in the end his memory persists that he has performed the self-imposed task from first to last according to his programme. In explanation of his failure he is obliged to tell a white lie—an obligation of courtesy toward his betrothed—and it is this little deliberate departure from the facts as his memory tells them they are, though in reality they are not, that gives the whole episode its strangest turn as it is remembered by his wife.

The fourth and last of these ventures into the twilight speculates upon the uncanny possibilities of "metaphantasmia," by which Mr. Howells means a power of dream transference resembling the familiar phenomenon of the transference of waking thought. This subject has been treated of, if we mistake not, in Myers's *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.*

Of the remaining three stories, "Editha" is a protest against war in the Tolstoyan spirit, with a biting irony in its closing adjective. "Braybridge's Offer" is a partly humorous, partly serious discussion of the way in which men and women become aware of awakening love between them, and of the share of the initiative that belongs to each sex in bringing about the proposal and its acceptance. This story attracted considerable attention on its appearance in a magazine; it loses nothing of its speculative value in the second reading. "After all the marriages you have brought about in literature," says one of the characters in this story to another, who is a novelist, "can you say positively and specifically how they are brought about in life?" The novelist answers frankly: "No, I can't. I might say that a writer of fiction is a good deal like a minister who continually marries people without knowing why." The closing tale, "The Chick of the Easter Egg," is a little domestic comedy, light and graceful, of tender, reminiscent sentiment.

A. Schade Van Westrum.

IV

Miss Sinclair's "The Helpmate"*

This novel of Miss Sinclair's is one of more than ordinary power and with a more pressing *raison d'être* than have most novels, but it is almost certain that those who might draw from it a profitable idea are not the ones who will read it.

Briefly, it is the story of a man and wife, who, loving each other, yet live at odds almost from the hour of their marriage, till the death of their only child about nine years later. The husband has a past and the wife has a painful and nosey conscience, and is a spiritual voluptuary. The husband awaits patiently the time when his wife, who married him "because he was good," shall love him. He conducts himself meanwhile in all ways tenderly, manfully and as a man should, till, tormented past endurance by his abnormal wife, he seeks interests outside his home. After a child is born and develops a hyper-æsthetic system, nervous, sentimental and otherwise, and dies under strange and depressing conditions,

*The Helpmate. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the husband has accumulated a paralytic stroke, the wife takes a lesson. She seems to awaken; to know something of wifely instincts.

This novel is written with great facility. It is written with analytical power and the synthetic result is compelling, but it is a question whether it is convincing. It is not the never-failing kindness and devotion and passion of a fascinating husband that brings about response in the wife at the end of several tragic years that have nearly wrecked two lives, but an inchoate, undefined suggestion received at a critical moment from a friend of the husband, who has long been utterly despised by the wife. When the happy ending has come in sight the reader involuntarily wonders if the change in the wife will survive her initiation into the new and normal life. The author leaves her on the verge of this initiation; she leaves us in full view of the impulse, and we have witnessed the poignant regret for the past, but the consummation so devoutly to be wished is only at hand; honours are not yet even: the husband has suffered all out of proportion to any happiness we feel he will ever know at Anne Majendie's hands; all out of proportion to her worth as a wife—and even, we suspect, as a woman.

This novel is of profound interest because it is written by Miss Sinclair, who probably could not write other than brilliantly if she chose to. When so many in the world are labouring under such disabilities as wrecked the Majendie family, the subject provides a brilliant novelist with something to say. Beyond all question, it has provided the publisher with something to sell; but it is doubtful if the sort of woman implicated is the woman who will read the book, and, assuming that she does, it is doubtful if she would gain a normal condition from the tragic lesson. She is, first of all, the woman who never, never sees herself as others see her. Smugness is a very part of her existence, and this especial breed of smugness can mostly be traced to a physiological lesion.

There is a sort of under-philosophy treated of, which the reviewer hardly knows how to sum up. Perhaps it were better to say that he hardly dares. It is safer to present the two horns of the dilemma and let the reader hang to the one least likely to gore him. Thus this novel distinctly demands either that a man shall have no past nor present till he is married, or else that after marriage his wife shall have absolutely no business with his past. It does not seem to be a part of the reviewer's proposition to bring down scorn and contumely upon himself by deciding this matter, but the novel from cover to cover propounds just this question in an insidious, Sinclair way. After all is written and done, one cares little for those misplaced, mismatched men and women. Lecky or Mill reminded a reasonable civilisation that sex relations are entirely personal. Whichever said it may of course have been mistaken, but any one who takes issue with this must be reminded of the boy who asked, "If f-r-e-n-d doesn't spell friend, what does it spell?" The thing we do mind and weep over is the little child, like the Majendies' child. The incomplete, hyper-sensitive, adorable, doomed-to-die, either in soul or body, as a result of an abnormal woman's vagaries!

This is a novel which women should read, but probably it will mostly be read by men, and the men will feel all puffed up and think themselves the hero, while they bear as little relation to Majendie as a jackal bears to a good dog. The women who read will plume themselves on being quite unlike Anne Majendie, or else won't in the least know what the author is talking about. It is a book that should make for virtue and right feeling; it will probably make only for discussion. The matter of which it treats is too personal ever to be applied by any one to whom it rightly does apply.

The same remarkable diction that we have learned to expect of Miss Sinclair is here. She has again written with a brilliancy that makes the reader blink, and this time she has done more: she has sounded the human note, wrought pictures that hurt or amuse us, and while we know all of the time what the end will be, she has induced us to read on if only in order to witness how she brings it about. The book should teach—but it won't; it should sell—and it will, and doubtless it will become a ground for endless argument and endless quarrels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between men and women—just as the situation there presented now is.

Dolores Bacon.

V

Mr. Vachell's "Her Son"*

The conscientious reader who tries to keep abreast of the latest fiction will find it a great relief to turn from the dominant schools of long-windedness and eroticism to the simpler and more pleasing style of Mr. Horace Vachell, who is known principally in this country by his study of schoolboy life at Harrow, *The Hill.*

In his latest book, *Her Son,* Mr. Vachell has given us the story of a young woman who adopts the illegitimate child of the man she loves and manages to pass him off as her own until the boy is eighteen years old, although her reputation suffers somewhat in the process.

Dorothy Fairfax, a charming girl both mentally and physically, is engaged to a young journalist of strong personality, who, after many vicissitudes, is well on the way to success. The wedding day is set when Dorothy receives a visit from Crystal Wride, a young music-hall singer, who has preceded her in Dick Gasgoyne's affections. Taking advantage of Dorothy's pity for her, the girl promises to live "straight" if Dorothy will postpone her marriage for a year and neither see nor correspond with Dick during that time. Dorothy, filled with pity for the girl, gives her promise and thereby makes her first great mistake. Dick accepts his fate, protesting strongly, and departs for Africa, and Dorothy is left to try and persuade herself that at the end of the year the affair can be taken up where it was dropped.

But the moving finger writes. Before the end of the year Crystal Wride has given birth to a son, deposited the unwelcome little one in a foundling asylum and started afresh upon her professional career. Dorothy, frantic at the idea of Dick's son being brought up in an institution, adopts the child as her own and commits her second great mistake in undertaking to keep the truth of the matter a secret from every one, including the boy himself.

The remainder of the book describes the boy's growth and arrival at manhood, his love for his supposed mother and her devotion to him. The appearance of Dick Gasgoyne after his reported death adds complications to the situation, but the story works out to a happy conclusion, leaving the reader impressed with two ideas. First, a strong doubt as to the wisdom of too much self-sacrifice, and secondly, the enormous advantage, even from the point of view of expediency, of the open and straightforward course of action. On one occasion Dick says, "You know, Doll, personally I believe in facing things. As Susan says, you have made a hole-and-corner affair of this. If you hadn't, we should be together to-day."

And that is the truth of the matter. In order to pass off Dick's boy as her own Dorothy has been obliged to represent herself as a widow, and when this comes to the ears of her conventional English relatives they believe the very worst of her and cast her off. And in the end all these precautions come to nothing and the whole story finally comes out.

But the book is interesting, the characters have a life and personality of their own and it is written in that pleasant, tranquil, narrative style which is destined to flourish and charm long after the present morbid and neurotic school shall have disappeared.

Mary K. Ford.

*Her Son. By Horace A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

VI

Josephine Daskam Bacon's "The Domestic Adventurers"*

Here is something to be strongly recommended as a panacea for the peculiarly debilitating effects of the servant problem. Coming at a time of year when low spirits are so prevalent among housekeepers, and it seems, perhaps, as if one never would get settled for the winter, it should be especially welcome. For without slighting the gravity of the situation

*The Domestic Adventurers. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the least, Mrs. Bacon has contrived to invest it with so much hope that even a cook who proposes to enter upon her duties leading a small boy by the hand is shorn of her accustomed terrors and tuned to sweetest harmony. It is wholesome to read such an amiable, sunny, sympathetic account of a series of muddle-headed greenhorns embodying all the familiar vices and few virtues—to meet three mistresses blithely keeping open house on a volcano in a chronic state of eruption, and still managing to avoid nervous prostration. Such a book to-day is more than a mere passing diversion, recording as it does luridly, yet without exaggeration, a new version of the age-old handicap contest fought and won against fearful odds. The time for laughing, even over other people's spilt milk, is long since passed; but if some one can give us the receipt for living serenely and entertaining acceptably on nothing a year in the servant line, let us crown such a book with the best curled parsley and award its author the *Cordon Bleu*.

The present story sets forth both the erotic and culinary experiences of three bachelor girls from New York, who decide that their combined resources justify the setting up of a modest establishment in the suburbs somewhere "out Greenwich way." It is told by the housekeeping member of the trio—the others being too busily engaged in teaching and editing—somewhat in the form of a diary, presumably jotted down from day to day, but occasional lapses into a reminiscent mood, as of one writing it all up several years later, considerably disturb the continuity and befog the chatty atmosphere. However informally one's mind may work, it cannot move forward and backward at the same time, and such slips as "It was the effort of my life at that time to keep Solly and Mr. Van Ness apart," followed immediately by such a resumption of the present tense as "Mr. Van Ness has been taking Chloe out in the country on long drives a great deal of late," give one a rather scatter-brained impression of the housekeeper, at all events, and make some of the wildest adventures seem highly probable.

G. W. Adams.

VII

Booth Tarkington's "His Own People"*

Back in the days when people travelled in post chaises, and Americans were so uncommon on the European Continent that there was the vague and general belief that the President was a red Indian, pretty much the same tale was told with personal feeling and elaboration by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh. For Robert Russ Mellin the said Titmarsh gave us Sam Pogson, the London "bagman"; for the Countess de Vanrigard there was the Baronne de Florval-Delval; for Sneyd, the Honourable Chandler Pedlow, and the somewhat shadowy Italian Corni, the older narrative had De Florval and the Honourable Tom Ringwood. Titmarsh's Major British may stand for the American journalist Cornish, and while you may hunt through the *Paris Sketch Book* in vain for any one resembling Lady Mount-Rhyswicke, the moral of both tales is the same, and *His Own People* might just as well pass under the more prosaic title of *A Caution to Travellers*.

As the work of an unknown writer, *His Own People* would be entitled to a fair amount of commendation as an amusing magazine story somewhat out of the usual line. From Mr. Tarkington it is, to speak with candour, a decided disappointment. The theme—the American swindler in Europe and his American victims—is one of vast possibilities. Every now and then there is an epidemic of letters in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* telling of disastrous personal experiences. From time to time a brief cabled paragraph in the American papers from a London or a Paris police court gives us a hint of dissension among thieves. Travellers on the big transatlantic liners are learning that it is unwise to accept too enthusiastically the advances of apparently large-hearted Americans. In a word, the American "crook" in Europe is so interesting and dramatic a figure, and comparatively so fresh in action, that it seems a pity that Mr. Tarkington, in writing of him, made use of so time-worn a plot.

*His Own People. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet the very inadequacy of the story as a story emphasises its individual merits. One may criticise it with downright hostility, rail at its staleness, and deplore its triviality. But always it is impossible to ignore the fact that it is the work of a writer who, ever and always, at his worst as at his best, possesses the rare and absolutely indescribable gift of charm. It is that and the half hundred little touches of quaint pathos and humour that lend to *His Own People* a dignity which will rank it during its ephemeral life with stories in themselves of more intrinsic merit.

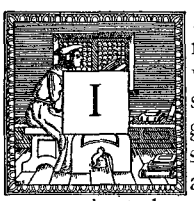
Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXV

VIGIL



N a gap of the hills, nigh Feather Tor and westerly of the Vixen, stands an old, crooked, granite post. The Windystone is seven feet high and from afar suggests some giant human figure bending forward as he tramps the desolation; but seen at hand this memorial of the middle ages resolves itself into the symbol of Christianity. Shaft and arms are octagonal and in fair preservation. Centuries of wild weather, flood and frost have driven the cross out of the perpendicular; time has fretted its angles; mean spirits have bitten the broad arrow into its base; but still the grey stone, clad in venerable vesture of jade and black lichens, shall be seen to stand nobly upon the heath.

Hither came Jill Bolt under the stars and sat her down and waited. She used the Windystone for a support, cast her new bag beside her, and turned her face to the east. Thence must come Ives Pomeroy and the dawn, and she felt as sure of the one as the other. Their future together had been pretty fully planned on the assumption that Samuel would divorce Jill at the earliest opportunity. Then Ives had arranged to marry her and bring her home to Vixen Tor Farm as his wife. He had rather more than fifty pounds to spend, and she had saved twenty-five. This was her own, and she carried it in her pocket now.

Jill was early and rather regretted that she should have first arrived. She spent the minutes that separated her from the man by considering her attitude towards him. She liked him well enough; but it could not be said that she loved him. Her present desperate proceeding was purely selfish, and she had not finally determined to trust herself with him until all hope of worldly prosperity with Samuel was at an end. Had Mr. Bolt's uncle remained a bachelor and continued calmly to dwindle and decline, she would have endured Samuel until the end; and this the more readily because she suspected that her husband himself was not likely to be a long-lived man. He coughed a great deal and, as his wife, she marked many signs which pointed to low vitality. But now that the Plymouth bookseller was about to marry, the hope of the Bolts had disappeared, and Jill perceived that even though she waited for Samuel's death, it must leave her a widow nearly penniless. Pomeroy promised no very great earthly prosperity; but he was a man, and Vixen Tor Farm appealed a good deal more to Jill than her home at Merivale.

Sampford Spiney church clock struck three and Jill strained her ears for the step of Ives. Light began to be felt rather than seen, and the eastern hills

*Copyright, 1907, by Dodd, Mead and Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were defining themselves; but the world still slept; the stars still shone overhead and the water at her feet still reflected their light. The morning wind awoke, sighed out of his deep, hungry heart, and roamed restless until dawn should come and throw her rosy loveliness into his bosom. Waking creatures shambled past Jill. She felt uneasy, for the man was ten minutes late—a circumstance very hard to understand at such a time. Birds called; the world revolved to the sun and soon a rusty red lattice and tangle of dim fire fretted the east. The hour was half-past three and the Moor stretched stark to Vixen. Every stone and bush and knap shone clear against the increasing glory of the day; but no sign of Ives appeared upon the path that he should have trodden an hour ago.

Jill stared at the sky, and anger heated her blood and banished the cold begot of nightly vigil. False and perjured always from his youth up, he had been true to himself even at this crisis, had rejected the thing so long hungered and yearned for even at the moment when it became his own. Her insulted womanhood had no large immediate choice of action. The sun would be shining in half an hour, and it became necessary for Jill to disappear in one direction or another. To run away alone was absurd; therefore she chose the alternative and went quietly back to Merivale before the village should be waking. Even as she went she turned often and looked along his way. But he did not come. At last the road was hidden, and she walked on and felt that a vital chapter of her life's story had slipped from it. The chapter that she had sketched so carefully Fate refused to insert in her life. A void must henceforth exist: a section planned but never executed.

She strove to hold her judgment in suspense, but failed. She tried hard to assume a good reason for the absence of Ives, but could not. Nothing but death, or some physical catastrophe that had deprived him of the power to come to her, could explain his defection in any manner to be endured. But she felt positive that no misfortune had overtaken him. She chose rather to remember his unstable character and to suspect that he had really changed his mind at the last possible moment and not been at the trouble to let her know it. She hated him very heartily as she went home.

Jill found her husband sleeping very heavily. She restored to their usual places the things in her bag; she locked up her money in a little desk. She changed her gown and hid her soaking boots and stockings for the present. Then she went down and lighted the fire.

Interesting emotions overtook her spirit during these processes. She moved among objects to which she had bidden eternal farewell; she performed duties which she had seen and felt herself perform for the last time. The anti-climax sickened her. She smoothed her forehead and prepared her husband's breakfast. He was late and she went out to the cottage door for a time and spoke to a neighbour. Her object was to learn if anything unusual had been reported from Vixen Tor Farm, but there came no news, good or bad. Jill, however, heard something that interested her not a little and promised a possibility of light in the darkness.

Mr. Joel Toop, who always rose an hour earlier than his brother, appeared. They exchanged greetings and Mr. Toop explained his gloom.

"You'll see me looking wisht and down in the mouth, Mrs. Bolt. 'Tis such an unmanly cast of countenance in a general way, and so unlike me, that I must explain it. This is a black day for me and Peter and the Jolly Huntsmen. 'For why?' you ask. Because that silly woman, Ruth Rendle, be leaving us."

"Really going?"

"Yes; to be a sort of all round useful help and companion to her friend, Mrs. Pomeroy at Vixen Tor. I never would sanction it and I don't now. It's a great come down from the Jolly Huntsmen, everybody must see that."

He went on his way and Jill thought that she began to apprehend. It was not news to her that Ruth was going to Vixen Tor. Ives had told her all about it long ago and rejoiced, on his mother's account, that it should be so; because Ruth would take his place while he was away with Jill. But now the fact, from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being insignificant, swelled at every outline and bulked huge as a thundercloud.

Still the exhausted Samuel slept; therefore Jill wakened him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes and stared.

"You!" he said.

"Yes, I suppose so. Who should it be?" she asked. "Get up—your meat's cold—'tis nearly seven o'clock."

"Ban't going to work to-day," he answered slowly.

"Not going to work—why not?"

"For a lot of reasons. Firstly, the engine's not to be out, and what I've got to do to it I can do on Monday early afore I get steam; at least that's not the first reason, but 'twill serve well enough."

He began to dress. A strange sensation struck him that it was improper to put on his clothes before this woman any more; she had gone out of his life. Then he perceived that she had evidently come back into his life again. Hope rose in him. She might have run away altogether; instead she had chosen to return of her free will and without the least interference. He felt himself yielding and anger dropping from his heart.

"Drink another cup of tea along wi' me," he said.

She obeyed.

He found the letter on his lips a score of times, but delayed that horror as long as possible.

Jill began to wash up and Samuel watched her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing in particular—unless——"

An idea suddenly struck him. He dimly guessed the unfathomed depths of discomfort in Jill's mind, and it occurred to him that she ought to be distracted after her recent tragical experiences. Moreover, he felt that it might be easier to tell her the truth after an interval.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to come to Tavistock Cattle Fair and revel to-day?" he asked. "'Twill be a gay business, and I feel you haven't had a holiday for long. I'll put on my best, and take the band off my arm, if you'll come."

Rather to his surprise, and much to his satisfaction, she consented.

"I'll go if you're set on it."

"That's all right then. Us'll smarten up a bit and get off in an hour's time."

The day passed prosperously, and Jill was glad to meet various acquaintance, including Rupert Johnson from Vixen Tor. She desired that Ives should know his outrage of the previous night had made no difference to her.

Samuel, for his part, lost no opportunity to please his wife, and spent a good deal of money on her account; but his own pleasure was spoiled by the recollection of what must come at the end of the day. Mr. Bolt longed to destroy Pomeroy's letter altogether and forget it; but that was not possible. It seemed to him necessary for future peace that Jill should learn the truth. The ordeal loomed large and destroyed his content. Indeed he grew nervous toward evening.

It was past ten o'clock when they returned home and nearly eleven before they had finished their supper. Then Samuel went to his desk, unlocked it and produced the letter.

"I'm sorry I've got to end this beautiful day in rather a serious manner," he said; "but there's some things didn't ought to be put off too long, and this is one of 'em in my opinion. Here's a letter from Ives Pomeroy to you, Jill."

The woman started and put out her hand for it.

"I must tell you that it comed pretty late last night, when you was in bed and asleep. And as your husband and a man from who you oughtn't to have secrets, I found it when I got home, and I read it. I may tell you, Jill, that it upset me a great deal, and I ban't going to make light of it even now. My first thought was to do something rash and desperate; but I didn't. Please to read it through; then I've got a bit more to say."

She took the letter and read it slowly; then she put it down on the table, leaned back in her chair and crossed her hands over her breast.

"Go on," she said. Jill believed that she had long since fathomed Samuel, but here was a depth of pusillanimity almost inconceivable.

"You see how 'twas. I came home to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find you on the verge of destruction, but this here letter told me the destroyer had changed his evil mind. And what had changed it, d'you reckon? Why, the only Person that's got the power to do such a thing, namely, God Almighty. Then I had to consider about you. Well, of course I knowed that somehow he'd got you to promise to do this wicked thing. You was the weaker vessel, and you'd always had a bit of a feeling for the man, and no doubt his cunning words foxed you into thinking that he loved you better than what I do."

"Why for didn't you wake me last night and have this out then?"

"Because—for several reasons. One was I hadn't the heart. You must remember this comed as a terrible shock to me; it made my flesh water and my bones jelly. I've gone my way and never thought of such a thing in all my life. I quite thought that you and me and mother was all settling down again and getting along perfectly smooth and comfortable. Especially since mother promised only to come in once a week. And I felt very low about it, I can tell you, last night at midnight, with the silence of the grave all round about and not a hand to comfort me."

"Why didn't you come upstairs and pull me out of bed by the hair and cut my throat?"

"'Twould only have been one more nastiness in the newspapers. I hope to God, whatever happens, I shall never get in print; besides, I'm not that sort. But I said to myself, stern-like, that you'd got to suffer, Jill. You mustn't take it too harshly in me, but I felt very strong that my bounden duty was to let you suffer a bit. So what did I do, but just harden my heart against you, and go to bed, and let you march off to cool your heels and wait for the rascal? 'Twas my unsleeping love for you made me do it, Jill, and you oughtn't to think none the worse of me for it."

"I suppose I was mad to dream of doing it."

"You was; but they smooth-tongued men—very few can stand against them. However, God don't forget a sparrow."

"And what next?" she asked. "Be you going to forgive me for this bit of wickedness?"

"Certainly I be," he answered. "I forgived you this morning when you woke me and told me that breakfast was ready. I can see how all this has looked from your point of view. Of course 'twas a great disappointment in its way; but take my word for it, he wouldn't have worn very well."

"Never mention his name again to me."

"I don't want to. Let him go to his reward. 'Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.' But the thing is to know how us all stand now. You see, if he's to hear that I had your letter and that I read it, then he'll naturally expect me, as a wronged husband, to do something sharp. There's a worldly side to this, and there's my manhood. At the least I ought to go to the length of being vexed with the man in public. I ought really to pull his nose afore the people."

"You ought to break his blasted neck!"

"No, Jill, I'm a Christian first and a husband afterwards, as we all should be."

"Best way out is to let him think I had the letter and never went to the Windystone at all."

"I'm afraid 'twould be acting a lie, however."

She stared at him.

"God's truth! What stuff be you built of?" she said. "Not true? Perhaps not; but a long way better than the truth, I should reckon. You'm such a peace-loving and patient man that you ought to jump at it. That plan lets you out altogether. Nobody need ever know the—the pretty truth."

"Of course I'd very much rather have it so, if 'tis within the bounds of honesty."

"Certainly 'tis. To hide the truth ban't to tell a lie. Leave the rest to me; and leave the man to me. My quarrel's quite so big as yours—maybe bigger."

"I must ask you to have nothing more to do with him," said Mr. Bolt firmly; "that I demand, Jill. I have my feelings, too, and they've been a good bit rasped by this job. I'll go further and order you—order you on your oath—to swear you'll never speak to him, or write to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, or open a letter from him as long as you live, so help you God. What he meant to do to me is only too clear; and we've got to thank the Almighty that it didn't happen."

"Better leave it at that then. I'll swear anything you like. You're a good sort, under your awful softness—too good for such as me, anyway."

"So be it," he answered. "Now tear up that letter and we'll go to bed."

"I'll read it again once in the morning," she replied. "There's a lot to be learned of men in general and their wicked ways from such a letter."

"And the ways of God in their hearts also. Remember that. 'Twas God, and only God, prompted him to go back on his planned wickedness. And I dare say his mother helped the Almighty, as such women can."

At this speech Jill began to wonder what was really hidden behind the letter and the motives that had prompted Ives to write it. She felt, however, that these questions could hardly interest Samuel.

"As you've been so big-hearted over this, I'll ask you one thing," Jill said. "Ban't the time for me to beg favours, I know. I ought to be on my knees afore you; but all the same, I do beg and pray of you not to tell your mother, Samuel. Don't make me out any wickeder in her eyes, just when she is beginning to think a bit better of me. I'm a repentant and contrite woman and God knows it."

"I never meant to tell her," he answered. "Not my mother or any other person will ever hear of last night's work from me."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TIDE EBBS

Chance timed Ruth Rendle's coming to Vixen Tor so that it served a good purpose to the man she loved. Never had Ives stood in such need of distraction from his own mind as at the present; never had he so fretted and beat the unbending bars of circumstance. His spirit was bruised and sore; for some time he continued impatient of his mother's company, and she well understood with what he associated her and kept out of his way as much as possible. The task was the more difficult for Avisa because she knew what Ives did not; that her illness gained upon her unseen. For a time his own tribulations blinded him; then rose the dawn of other interests, and after Ruth Rendle had been a month at the farm he began to perceive the significance of her presence. She avoided him, but she discussed him when Avisa or old Mrs. Pomeroy desired to do so, and, unknown to herself, Ruth's secret swiftly slipped from her into the keeping of the mother.

They spoke together one night while Avisa sat up for Ives. Of late it was Ruth who, under Mrs. Pomeroy's direction, prepared the young man's suppers. Then, at the sound of his coming, she vanished to bed and Ives enjoyed speech with his mother. She had denied herself these evenings for many weeks, that she might not force the past upon him by her presence. Then the son expressed a desire for her company again, and thankfully she granted it.

Upon this night the talk first ran on Northmore. He had broken his collarbone in a fall when hunting. Ives visited him and found him frankly unfriendly; Mr. Peter Toop also called upon the sufferer, and to him Matthew had confessed a weariness and hatred of life. At the farmer's earnest entreaty Ruth Rendle also went to see Matthew; and she took a little gift of heather honey from Mrs. Pomeroy. Afterwards, though she concealed much that passed between them, she, too, related to Avisa how Northmore had cried against his fate and cursed the business of living.

"Cruel changed from what once he was," she said. "And he haven't got a word of thanks for his fortune in light of his trouble, though Mr. Toop tells me he's wonderful prosperous with his cattle."

"I feel like a murderess when I look at him."

"Terrible obstinate—a man of one idea—more's the pity. One might almost think the old saying 'Lucky in life unlucky in love' was true."

"What can I do?"

"There's nothing you can do—unless.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . However, we can't help you there. 'Tis something none can do for you. . . ."

Ruth guessed her meaning.

"'Twould be better if he was to marry—not if I was to. There's a plenty would be proud to take him."

"He's marrying the whiskey bottle, 'tis hinted, poor fellow."

"Can't you go and see him, such power as you have, Mrs. Pomeroy?"

Avisa shook her head.

"'Tis no use, I'm afraid. We understand one another. I'm fond of Matthew Northmore—always was. There's a great deal of high-mindedness in him. 'Tis a terrible thing when a man comes to love hopelessly at his age. A young chap can get over his disappointments in time, at least I pray God 'tis so; but such as him are different, and after love's melted 'em once into its mould and they've run hard into it, there's no changing. They'll break, but they can't thaw."

"He'd not be angry with you if you spoke serious to him."

"But he would. Man or woman can't [illegible] third party in such a matter, especially if the third party comes with advice. Besides, I'm—he knows."

There was a silence and Ruth, pursuing the thread of thoughts wakened by this last remark, remembered incidents now far past and made an artless confession.

"I was cruel vexed with you once, if you can believe it. Right down savage, and on that very man—Matthew Northmore I mean—I poured out my anger."

"You 'right down savage,' Ruth! 'Twas a funny sight, I should think. How did I come to anger you so much?"

"'Twas that terrible sad business long ago when Ives—when he went away for a bit—you remember."

"Yes, I remember. And do you?"

Ruth rose, sat beside the mother and took her hand.

"In my wicked ignorance and passion I stood up in the bar that night to the Jolly Huntsmen and forgot myself afore the men there, and rated Northmore and stung him with the bitterest words I could call up! Yes; he said you was right and a brave, good, true mother to do what you did do; and I flamed out, like the fool I was, and spoke unmaidenly and dared to tell 'em you was no true mother—God forgive me."

Avisa's hand tightened on the other's. For some time she did not answer; then she asked a question.

"D'you think so still?"

"No, indeed—you were right."

Another still lengthier silence fell and Mrs. Pomeroy leisurely considered all that was hidden in Ruth's confession. For a moment she guessed that the girl had chosen this way to make implicit confession of the truth; then she dismissed the idea. No such subtlety belonged to Ruth. She had let out her secret innocently and the question next rose in the mother's mind whether to ignore or to acknowledge it. She did not doubt very long as to her own action, but turned suddenly, put her arms round the other's neck and kissed her.

"And yet you could come here?" asked Avisa. But Ruth, ignorant of the connecting links in Mrs. Pomeroy's mind, supposed this question related to the speaker herself and her past adverse opinion.

"I could. I'd have come across the world to you."

"Ruth," she answered; "you've told me what I'd rather have heard than anything human speech could utter, but one thing. Ruth, you love Ives and 'tis the most blessed thought to me that you love him. Go on loving him, for God's sake! He's a big-hearted man, and life's teaching him a lot of precious things. He's done brave deeds that only I know about, and—and—— Go on loving him, Ruth. My love has been rewarded above my highest hopes and prayers . . . yours. . . . But I'm selfish. . . . 'Tis beautiful of you to love him, Ruth—to love him so secret and so steadfast despite all that life tempts you with. 'Tis beautiful, and only my own Ruth would rise to it. . . ."

The girl did not answer. She was crying, half in shame, half in joy.

They kissed each other again, and Ruth disappeared at the sound of Ives approaching. He came in moody and out of temper, and his darkness clouded the happiness of Avisa's spirit.

"You'm glum, dear heart," she said. "I haven't seen that darkness on your brow these many days."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Because you haven't sought it, mother. Yes, I'm glum, and there's enough to make me so. If a man has prided himself on being a man and he breaks down and sinks away from manliness, 'tis enough to make him glum. A cur—a coward——— I was trying to forget it; but—to-night—I met one—I met two—as made me remember it cruel sharp."

He began his supper and ate and drank for some time without more words. Then he put down his empty mug abruptly and spoke.

"I came face to face with her this afternoon—in a spot without any eye to mark us. I felt I had a right to know if she'd seen the sense of my letter, not to mention its inner meaning. I felt I had a right to know if she wanted to hear any more. I've always hungered to tell her the truth about why I did it, and let her know her infernal selfishness wasn't hid from me. So I spoke straight and bade her 'good afternoon' quite civil. Then I said, if 'twas all the same to her, I'd like to have a five minutes tell with her."

"I can guess the rest," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"I'll swear you can't; nobody alive could."

"She didn't heed; she didn't speak; she just went by."

"You're right, by God! She looked through me at the Moor, as if I was a pane of glass. Not a tremble, not a wink of her eyelashes. 'Twas the vilest moment of my life and always will be. I'll strangle her if ever she goes by me like that again!"

They talked far into that night, and presently Ives began to smoke. The circumstance brought his mother's mind round to Ruth again, because among the presents received by Ives on his last birthday, was a little matchbox from her hand. This trifle Avisa remembered, and now she marked that her son carried it.

Mrs. Pomeroy made no mention of Ruth that night, or that week, although the girl was hot in her heart. She delayed until a fitting moment. But meantime the grandmother of Ives, coming to certain conclusions without assistance, actually did the thing Avisa delayed to do, and challenged the man bluntly and strongly on the subject of Ruth. Indeed, she went much further than her daughter-in-law would have dreamed of going; and the result was very far from successful.

They were alone together and Ives, putting his hand into his pocket, was reminded of a circumstance by something he found there. With an exclamation of contempt he drew forth a little pamphlet of a few pages. On the outside was a picture of a moon-faced youth, who wore large whiskers and stared upon the spectator. At his right an angel, wearing a white robe and large wings, pointed up a steep hill on the summit of which stood a cross; at his left a black fiend, all claws and tail, appeared and directed the young man's attention to a lake on which a boat rode at anchor. A seductive young woman with her hair down sat languidly in the stern of the vessel and waited to see what course the pilgrim would take.

Ives flung his tract across the table to old Jane, who put on her glasses, examined it and read the text beneath the picture:—

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

"One of them Methody things. Did you pick it up?" she asked.

"'Pick it up!' No. A man gived it to me. And who d'you think 'twas? But you'll not guess. Going through Merivale a bit ago, Sammy Bolt stopped me and asked for the favour of a word. Then he said, 'Will you be so very kind as to promise to do me a service, Mr. Pomeroy?' Of course I said I would if I could. Then he pops this twaddle into my hand. 'You've promised,' he said. 'And I hope you'll keep your word. All I want for you to do is to read every syllable of that message.' With that he made off so fast as his legs could carry him."

"You promised, so you'll have to read it."

"I might say 'damn the cheek of the man,' but coming from that source 'tis rather funny—for private reasons. In fact, a good bit funnier than Bolt himself knows."

"Nothing funny about it. He'm like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a good few others that would do you a service and willingly, if you'd but let 'em. Never was such a man as you for getting between hisself and the light. Come in the garden out of earshot and give me your arm. I want to talk to you."

He rose.

"Talk," he said; "what's the good of talking? There's only one subject and only one person I care about in this world now; and that's mother."

"Well, let's talk about her then. You want to make her happy, don't you? And the happier she is, the better her health's like to grow, for doctor specially said she must be peaceful and calm and do no work and have nothing to fret her."

"What more can I do? I've let it be known that if anybody frets her, by so much as a hair, I'll be the death of 'em."

"You might do a bit more, notwithstanding. You know what your mother thinks of Ruth Rendle."

"Quite right too. Ruth's a Godsend here."

"A proper li'l fairy in the house, I call her."

"All that—so good as that fat, white angel on poor Sammy's tract. But I don't like angels myself—got no use for 'em. I lay the girl waiting in the boat be better company."

"Don't talk so. You know 'twould grieve her—our mother. I tell you—there 'tis—how can I put it afore you—you so blind and deaf as you are!"

"You mean Ruth Rendle, and you want me to marry her? Well, I'm off all that forevermore, grandmother. I hate all the women now as much as I used to like 'em. Once bit twice shy. I'll keep clear of them henceforth. You can't plan these things. I've got a great respect for Ruth, because she don't know enough about men to get to flout 'em and scorn 'em yet. Anyway, I'd wish her a better husband than the likes of me. She's good and straight. She's learnt a lot from mother."

You'll never get a better; you'll——"

He began to grow violent and use evil language.

"Stop it," he said; "how can you be so damned selfish—to the girl? Like enough Ruth hates the sight of me and well she may. I won't hear no more of this from anybody. Another syllable and—and I'll get out of it and not come back."

"Go, and kill your mother by going—that's a clever thought."

Ives stormed for ten minutes, then he went off. When he returned later, the old woman had gone to bed and he spent the evening with Avisa and Ruth. He made the latter read Samuel's tract aloud and he watched her face while she did so. She had some beauties that he had not marked. Her hands were pretty, and if her lips did not bud into one of those delicious mouths that cry for kisses, yet they were red and ripe. Her voice was soft and clear also.

The women chid Ives when he scoffed at the sermon, but, for once, his mother seemed less bright and swift of mind than usual. Guessing that she suffered, her son made her go to bed, and when she had gone, he talked with Ruth a little and tried to get a glimpse of her heart. But he failed. She had long grown accustomed to his presence and could bear herself with perfect self-control before him.

She spoke now of his mother and could not find it in her to echo his hopes for the future. Then, marking that she did not agree with him, Ives went to the opposite pole and became pessimistic.

"I try to hide what I think," he said, "and take a cheerful view; but don't suppose I don't really know all that you know and much more too. She can't hide anything from me. I know her far better than anybody else in the world knows her. And I always have done so. No nature in her now, the darling dear. Always finger-cold on the warmest day, and her face do seem yellow to me instead of the nut-brown it used to be. I see it—I see it all sharper and deeper far than any of you women."

Three days later, as if to prove Pomeroy in the right, there came cold news that Avisa could not rise. She had not slept and felt it would be better to stop in bed until midday.

Ives rushed up at once, and having seen her haggard face, departed to Tavistock for a doctor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Tis the beginning of the end," said Jane to Emanuel Codd, when he had ridden off. "Her light be burning low, and when it starts to flicker, 'tis only a question of time how long afore 'tis gone."

Ives returned with the physician and waited impatiently for an hour until he heard the truth. Then he learned that his mother might live till Christmas, or even into another year. But her end was at hand.

"She knows it," said the doctor kindly; "and she knows the time better than I do, for she can judge her own reserves of strength in a remarkable manner. She is calm and content. I've made everything clear to the young woman upstairs, and your mother will not suffer again as she suffered last night. I'll send a nurse this evening and come myself next week."

Pomeroy did not go to Avisa then, but took his horrified heart with him to the Moor, when a lifeless and sodden hour in late October brooded over fitting theatres for grief. Heavy concourse of vapour smothered the high points of the land and emptied secret cisterns upon the peaks and ridges of the mountains. From the tors ran down much water to the valleys; earth was drenched with the libations of the hills, and all the grey world wept.

CHAPTER XXVII

WANING LIGHT

Avisa Pomeroy still rose and descended to the house-place when her strength permitted it; but these occasions grew rarer and presently ceased. A nurse assisted Ruth, and since the mother could no longer move among her people, the life of the farm came to see her, and still revolved about her sinking fires.

Once Jane Pomeroy sat with her daughter-in-law and told her a story. It happened that Ives was also beside the invalid at the time. This fact, however, did not hold his grandmother's tongue, for she was not sorry that he should hear what she had to say.

"I was along with Rachel Bolt having a tell last night on the way from Sampford Spiney," she said, "and the bitter ancient creature was speaking things that wouldn't have been over pleasant for your ears—either of you."

"You oughtn't to heed an old softhead like that. Who tells her anything? asked Ives.

"Her son and her son's wife; and 'twas Jill, I believe, as she'd got this from. My word, but there's an edge to it! They are saying you and that big girl what teaches at Princetown school . . . she'd got chapter and verse for it, and 'twas rumoured that you'd been teaching her and that — somebody — I forget the man's name—be going to lie behind a hedge for you, Ives Pomeroy."

"I'll have this cleared up in double quick time!" said the man.

His mother smiled and shook her head.

"You'm past that stage. A false bit of she-news like this isn't going to make you hot," she declared positively. "No man ever says such foolish things as that —only silly women. Take no notice of it."

Christmas approached and the folk began to regard any chance sight of Avisa Pomeroy as the last. Most of those who knew her sought opportunity to see her once again and speak with her; but the person she herself sought refused to come. Lizzie and her husband arrived at Christmas and, without the knowledge of Ives, his mother sent a private message to the younger Mrs. Bolt by Lizzie. She begged that Jill would call to see her; but Samuel's wife declined the invitation cautiously.

"You can tell your mother that I'm not coming. I mind very well that she was kind and useful to me in small things; but I've got nothing to say to her; and what she've got to say to me I'll take as said."

After this speech Jill thought a few more words; but she did not utter them. In her mind she reflected that those laugh best who laugh last. She continued to ignore Ives, and enjoyed to pass him as though unconscious of his presence; but she guessed, Avisa once gone, that it might be possible if she pleased again to waken his slumbering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fires. Herein, however, she largely erred. The man was not destined ever more to desire her; and his mother knew it. Lizzie delivered Jill's message, which was a mystery from her point of view, and Avisa regretted the fruitless errand but assured her daughter that this answer caused her no surprise. The sick woman's fading thoughts only concerned her son, and she did not guess the difficult problems that he presented to the rest of the household when beyond earshot of her room.

Arthur Brown especially provoked Ives. Brown's principles were quite equal to the strain, and his complacent and magisterial calm awoke explosion after explosion, though no sound of these eruptions reached Avisa.

There came a day, early in the new year, when Lizzie broke down and wept before the company at dinner.

"You are too much in the house, my dear," said Arthur. "This afternoon I must ask you to come for a short stroll with me, to take the air and fortify your nerves."

Her husband never spoke twice to Lizzie, and presently, drying her eyes, she walked out with him. The day was cold and the Moor stretched sleeping round about them.

Mr. Brown found a sheltered spot, and sat down with his face to the cross; while Lizzie took a seat beside him.

"It is most necessary that those who nurse the sick should themselves keep in rude health," said her husband. "You must consider that and not allow your natural and proper love for a good mother to blind you to the laws of physical health. Ives also has to be reckoned with. It has always been so: I have never succeeded in penetrating his natural stubbornness of perception. And I have regretted it as you are aware, Lizzie."

"God knows what'll become of him when mother dies."

"Exactly: God knows. We have that inestimable certainty. Though the future may look grave from our standpoint. . . . "

"D'you think I ought to stop with him for a while — after? Of course Ruth can't."

"I have already considered the point," he answered. "I have decided that you stop with him exactly one fortnight after the decease—no more and no less. I shall permit that; indeed, I wish it. The vacation ends four days hence and I, of course, return to my duties. You will stop and close your mother's eyes, just as I did for my own good mother. And, from the date of the interment, you will remain fourteen days with your poor brother."

One by one the friends and closer acquaintance of her life took leave of Avisa; then came a Saturday when her son-in-law beheld her alive for the last time.

She was unusually well upon this forenoon, and those she best loved assembled beside her and listened to her speeches. Her thoughts turned a good deal upon the past, and she gave her children glimpses of her husband and their own childhood that interested them very deeply.

Long afterwards Ives remembered the chance latter utterances of his mother and strung them together in his mind. To him they were a thread of precious gems, each the bright home of a memory. The last thoughts of Avisa's feeling brain seemed sacred things to him. He treasured them and never forgot them.

On this occasion she spoke of Mr. Joel Toop, after her son had grumbled about him.

"'Twas always the same: full of proper qualities, but no general largeness of mind to go along with them, good man."

"Won't praise a cabbage in a neighbour's garden; but always expects people to make no end of fuss when they see his," said Ives.

"There's a lot like that: they shut one eye when they look at other people's good things—to make 'em seem smaller," she answered.

Presently Arthur Brown read the Bible to her while the rest listened, and Ives well remembered his grandmother's horror and the schoolmaster's uneasiness at Avisa's comments on a certain scene. Arthur rehearsed a chapter from Kings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that told of Elisha, the rude little boys and the beasts:

"And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them," he concluded with a sigh.

"'Twas a wonder some of they poor, frantic mothers didn't tear the prophet," said Avisa Pomeroy. As she spoke, the faint humorous image of her old self shone in her eyes a moment, like afterglow of sunset.

None saw her actual leave-taking of Mr. Brown, for she sent them out while she bade him farewell.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

Now Avisa Pomeroy constantly planned to have her son and Ruth beside her. She sank into lengthened silences at the turn of the new year, and the old swift play of her mind grew slower. Ives often read aloud; and while he did so, his mother's eyes alone moved as she turned them from her son to Ruth, from the young woman back again to Ives. It seemed as though her fading glances sought to spin a bond between them and played, like a shuttle back and forth, to entangle these two hearts in one net of love. But grief reigned over both, and close linked though they were through these days by circumstance, it was a shared sorrow and love of another, not joy and a mutual love that drew Ruth and Ives into present harmony.

Avisa saw each of those who had entered into her life and took farewell of many humble men and women. The folk departed from her with tears, and the strain became intolerable.

She faded slowly. Then the end seemed at hand and Lizzie wrote to her husband in secret and implored him to come down again, if only for a few days. He obliged her and arrived to stop from Saturday until Monday.

Ives received him ungraciously and his coming precipitated some of the frenzy that had slowly gathered head in the younger man's spirit. They sat in the kitchen and Lizzie made tea for her husband, while Arthur described his journey with much worthless detail.

Ives pursued his own thoughts aloud. There was great anguish in his eyes as he spoke to Lizzie.

"'Tis all one to the lamp when it goes out—but them that be left—the darkness. . . . But us—us that walked by the light of her—and must go blind evermore. . . . 'Tis us that be struck to death—not her. Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, and me a bad son—a bad son I've been to her. That's the heart of this trouble for me. That precious mother to have such dross for a son!"

"Don't think so, dear Ives. She's been proud of you all your life, and she often tells over the good things you've done for love of her and—and—the good things you be going to do."

"Her work's done," he said. "Her wonderful, beautiful deeds be all ended now, and she've led a better life than any born woman did afore. She've done with the business of being alive. 'Twas worth while to the earth her being alive. The whole world's better for it. But us poor, helpless, useless things—what's going to hap to us now?"

He went out from them after asking the question and his sister wept, but not all for grief.

"'Tis good he feels it so cruel," she sobbed. "My heart aches for him and yet, and yet 'tis well he should be struck so hard."

Avisa sank slowly into unconsciousness, and her mind, withdrawn from the present, wandered alone through the shadowy avenues of the past. There now she dwelt, and, by the windows of words, those who watched her sometimes dimly perceived her hidden course and gained glimpses of her maiden days, her love time, her motherhood and the hours of her bereavement. Once there sat with her Ruth and Ives, and her son fancied, from a smile that woke upon her face, that she knew him; but it was not so. She tightened her hand on his, no more.

As usual now, she spoke at intervals, but did not know that she spoke.

"Bear up, father," she said. "Our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poor baby be happy as a songbird now, and heaven her school instead of earth. She'll know—she'll know and count the days till her mother and father come up along to her. Us'll meet her up-along. . . . "

Presently she laughed and her joy was terrible to bear.

"Look, father, there comes the boy! So sturdy and strong he goeth on his legs! Do 'e see his little flea-coloured coat, as I've made out of that old blanket? 'Twill do bravely when he walks to day-school in winter. . . . Lizzie's your own darter, father; and the boy's mine—mine."

She laughed again.

"What a jakes of a mess they'm both in, poor, dear, li'l pigs! Palstring through the mud they've been. . . . "

Her hands worked at the bed-clothes and creased and creased tirelessly.

"No, no, no, no . . . never that! I'd see him dead sooner. . . . A good end, mother. Your son died like he lived. I do envy you, old mother, for your journey back to him is like to be far shorter than mine. . . . "

Jane Pomeroy entered a moment later and Ives spoke to her.

"Pity you didn't come in a minute sooner," he said. "Your name was on her lips a minute agone. My father had just died and she was saying as you'd see him again before her."

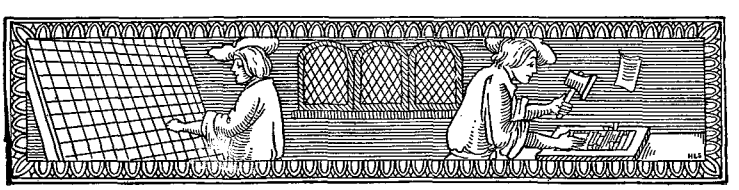
"And well she might think so. Look! Do 'e mark the pattern her hands have pinched in the counterpane? That's the fold of the dying—she's at her end."

Twelve hours later the men were called at earliest day and hastened up to find a leaden and reluctant dawn struggling with the red candle light. A change had happened when the morning wind awoke, and dayspring came as a messenger to Avisa Pomeroy.

She was conscious but dumb, and she desired in vain to speak with Ives. For a full hour he knelt beside his mother with his right arm gripped round her. Those of her household were also about her, but she and the man were only conscious each of the other's presence. People came and went, whispered and wept and watched. Then, when one might say that day had broken, Avisa relaxed suddenly upon her son's shoulder, turned her face to him in pain and so sank to everlasting silence with his lips upon her cheek.

Long he sustained her and would not yield her up; because to him it seemed that the clay in his arms held some faint fragrance still of his mother's vanished soul.

(*To be continued*)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION

BEING A RHYTHMICAL ESSAY ON THE RELATION EXISTING BETWEEN THE ABSTRACT AND THE CONCRETE IN LITERATURE

Observe Expression taking Thought
  To give it to mankind;
Observe how sedulous it is
  The proper means to find.

Sometimes without the slightest slip
  Of word or form it takes
The Thought directly from its source
  And prose or poem makes

Into some perfect piece which gives
  Delight to every sense
And makes mankind the worshippers
  Of its plenipotence.

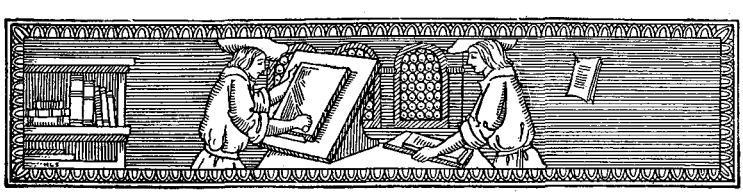
But oftentimes it fails to find
  The form or words that give
To Thought the beauty and the strength
  That make it breathe and live.

And many, many, many times
  It simply makes a snatch
At anything in sight and queers
  The whole darn shooting-match.

ENVOI

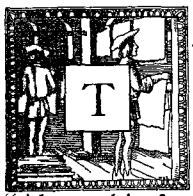
Pause, critics, with your hammers,
Pause,
And do not knock these lines be-
Cause
They prove in their own selves just what
Your very hardest blows might not.
What?

William J. Lampton.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUGHERTY ON IBSEN



HE assistant city editor of the *Evening Vibrator* countersigned and pushed aside the final proofs for the twelfth afternoon edition and turned to his chief. "About this foreign play that people are all red-headed over. Mabel Jones is just back from her interview with the innocent child-murderess in the Tombs and has nothing on hand. She suggests that she might dress up as—" Here the copy-boy appeared demanding additional matter for the seventeenth edition, and the assistant editor's voice, drowned in the hubbub, reached only the ear of his close neighbour and superior. "Good idea; go ahead!" snapped the latter, and went on with his first proofs for the twenty-second edition. It was then about eleven A.M.

* * * * *

A little over an hour later Tim Dougherty, squatting with curled legs serving as a clamp, on a horizontal girder 604 feet above the surface of Broadway, paused in the very act of imbedding his teeth into a massive cut of pie, stared straight down below him, looked away, stared down again, and slowly relinquishing his grasp on the pie, turned to Hans Hansen, who was eating his lunch on a pillar a little above him.

"I say, Hans," he asked with a trace of the accent that he revealed only in moments of strong emotion, "was I exciptionally reckless with the sthrong water at the meeting last night?"

"Naw," replied the other.

"Hev ye noticed anything peculiar about me this morning?"

Hans had not.

"Well, then," said Dougherty, "look down and see what's comin', bound straight for us."

What Dougherty and Hansen saw was a woman climbing the last of the long series of ladders reaching to the top of the completed framework. In another moment she was erect on her feet on a small platform a few feet below them. She was young, of middle height, slenderly built and somewhat tanned by the sun. She wore a species of tourist costume, consisting of a short skirt and a sailor's blouse and cap, and carried a knapsack on her back, a plaid shawl tied up in a strap in one hand, and an Alpine-stock in the other.

"An' who may ye be, ma'am?" asked Dougherty, while the Swede sat confounded but stolid.

"You have heard of me, of course," answered the girl, laughing merrily. "Everybody is talking about me. I am Hilda Wangel."

"The compliments of the saison to ye, Hilda, and welcome to our pleasant little abode," responded Dougherty in the same cheery manner. "But may I ask for a little more difinite information, as the lawyer for the government said to the railway prisident who had forgotten his wife's name?"

She tapped her foot somewhat impatiently. "Haven't I told you? I am Hilda Wangel, from *The Master Builder*. Ibsen made me."

"And a very good job he made of it, to be sure, though I don't remember ever meeting the gentleman."

"Pshaw!" she stormed prettily; "don't you know the greatest play of the greatest Scandinavian dramatist?"

"Scandinavian, is it? Then it's up to my friend Hansen there. Ever heard of a cilibrated Scandinavian dramatist that answers to precisely that name, Hans?"

"Ay bane tanking I never hear of him," replied Ibsen's kinsman.

"And you a descendant of the Vikings!" exclaimed Hilda. "Why, Ibsen lived to a great age and has been dead only a little while, and his son is now a member of the Norwegian cabinet."

"Eh, Norsk, is he?" called out Hansen, stirred to vehement disgust as he thought of old King Oscar and what happened only two years ago. "Ay tank ay ain't got much juse for dose dem rebels, anyhow," and he would say no more.

Dougherty stepped into the breach. "Sit down, Hilda, and make yourself comfortable and tell us all about it. Only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't step on them promiscuous rivets. They're still a bit warm, I believe."

Hilda sat down with great good grace. "You see," she began, "it's this way. Out in Norway there was a Master Builder, a man who planned and superintended the construction of all kinds of buildings——"

"Call him a boss contractor," said Dougherty, "and we won't attempt to go behind the returns."

"Well, a Master Builder named Solness, who stood at the very top of his profession and was considered a very happy man. But, as a matter of fact, he was not a happy man at all, because he had succeeded in pushing himself to the front only at the cost of much suffering to himself and to others. He obtained his first chance, for instance, through the suspicious burning down of the old manor-house his wife had brought him. Then, as a direct result of the fire, his two babies died and his wife became an invalid and melancholy. At the same time, in the course of his work he had shown no consideration for his early benefactors or for his employees, whom he ruthlessly crushed down whenever they stood in his way."

"No labour unions out there, of course?" interjected Dougherty.

"No. But the sad thing about Solness was that while he continued to exploit other people his conscience would not let him alone in the matter. So he worried, and grew despondent, and finally lost his self-confidence to the point where he dared not climb to any considerable height without growing dizzy and endangering his life. As a result he gave up building churches and restricted himself to dwelling houses and other commonplace structures that are not made very high. For himself, however, he built a new house with a very high tower, which was just completed when I first arrived in the town."

"The sight o' ye must have cheered him considerably, ma'am," spoke the Celt in Dougherty.

"It did. And I, thinking it a great pity that a man formerly so high-spirited should have sunk so low, urged him to redeem himself by climbing the tower, with the scaffolding still in place, and to fix a wreath at the very top, instead of sending up an ordinary workman. Well, he did climb up and fasten the wreath in its place, but his vertigo came upon him and he fell to the ground and was killed."

Dougherty had been listening with intent face. "And what did you do then?" he asked.

"Do? What could I do? But I was quite glad that I had persuaded him to climb the tower."

"Phwy?"

"As I told you, I had reawakened his early spirit. I had made a man of him again. Wasn't that enough?"

"I admire your sinsairity, Hilda. May I ask to what cause we are indebted for the honour of your stimulating prisence, so to spake?"

"Simply this: I happen to be staying in New York for some time, and I thought that men like you who are in the same business as Solness might be interested in his story. Then, too, I wanted to experience the sensation of breathing the air so far above the crowd. Isn't it glorious here?"

"It *is* glorious, Hilda, though a trifle chilly, like the ricord of a certain Prisidential candidate. What height would you say this here Master Builder fell from?"

"Oh, it was very high—from the very top of the tower, remember."

Dougherty spoke with just the suggestion of a professional sneer. "About sixty feet, w'd ye say? Not quite so high as we are—by forty-five stories. What think ye made him lose his head and fall?"

"Well, if he hadn't left a wife below perhaps he wouldn't have grown dizzy."

"Very true, Hilda. Very few of us stick to this business after we're married, though I have. And then, again, he might have been thinkin' of the poor fellows to whom he had been administering liberal doses of the elbow and the knee all these years."

"That's possible, too, I admit."

Dougherty gazed down at her for some time with pursed-up lips. Then he spoke out rather sharply, "Look here. You're a sensible girl from the mere looks of you, there's no denyin' that. What made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you put old Solness up to climbing the tower?"

"I have already told you. I wanted to see him realise himself in his highest being."

"That's all right. But why was you the one to attempt the common operation known in select society as buttin' in?"

"His wife could not help him. In fact, she dragged him down. So I used my power. Isn't it woman's highest gift and highest mission to inspire man, to urge him on and up?"

"Stop right there," said Dougherty. "So that's what you've learnt out of your little spellin' book, is it? Well, let me tell you that's all moonshine. Women is never an inspiration. Often they're a hindrance. At most they are rest and ricreation to tired men."

"I don't agree with you," said the girl.

"Why should you, Hilda, darling, so long as my own views agree with me? Now I am fond of Mrs. Dougherty and the childern, and, as the word goes, it's for their sake I'm workin' up here where the angels' wings fan me manly brow as they go sailin' up with the soul of some Standard Oil millionaire. But betwane you and me, it's for meself I'm workin', for Timothy Dougherty, Esq., d'ye understan'? Of course I go home and play with the kids and have my pipe and a good night's rest and feel much better the next morning than if I'd spent part of the night holding down the brass railin' in front o' Murphy's bar. But that's all. Women can make us *better* workmen, maybe; but in the first place men work because work is in man. I exclude, of course, corporation lawyers, walkin' delegates and such pathriots."

"But the greatest works of man's hand have been based on woman's sympathy or love."

"Don't you believe that, Hilda, my own. The greatest works in this world have been built on more substantial things than them. First of all, natch'rally, on hunger, which is a very tangible proposition to be up against. And I'll tell you on what else. Father Flynn once told us at an illustrated lekchure on the Pyramids—he told us that them mighty monuments to man's vanity and folly were built on garlic and a little millet flour, which the latter must have been the airly Aigyptians' favourite breakfast food, like shredded rice, only more so. And I heard him tell another time that the Roman roads and aqueducts, which are still doing business and will continue to injoy good health when the Harrisburg capitol is only a fragrant mimory, was built on lard and a little of whatever was the Latin for spighetti and a plenteous application of the whip. Even so, my brethren. And the Panama Canal is bein' built on boiled rice and ham and eggs; and all that lovely woman's inspiration and divotion can do for our boys down there is to keep the bugs from gittin' into the soup. I'm not particularly inspired by any beaut'yous female at this precise moment, prisent company always excepted, but I'd go to Panama to-morrow if it were at all possible for a Dimocrat to accept a job from a Raypublican administration without loss of self-respect and with a fair chance of profit."

"But I did enable him to climb the tower."

"You didn't, Hilda. I don't mean to be hard on you, but the fact is, the power was there in him and you only freshened him up a bit—you were his Luna Park for a little while, so to spake. What you really did was this: You paid him good and hard for the kind of treatment he had been handin' out to his wife and those poor come-ons he had taken advantage of all these years. He used them up for his own satisfaction. You got square by usin' him up for your own."

"For my own?" she gasped.

"It comes hard to be firm with a lady, but I insist; you did, for your own satisfaction. You think you wanted to see him realise himself. What ye wanted was the pleasant thrill of seein' him up there. If it had been New York instid of Norway you'd have made him loop the loop or match you a ribbon sample on bargain day, maybe."

"I don't care what you say, Tim. But my Master Builder climbed to higher things, and if he fell because he could not help thinking of those below him, that was his own weakness."

"What a bloodthirsty young thing we are, to be sure. Look here, Hilda, my pet! Did you ever hear of any big work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that got done by people climbin' over each other's backs and kickin' and bitin' as if life were just one great primary iliction? Why, do you know how the great cathedrals in Europe were built—cathedrals that would make your old Solness's biggest church look like thirty cints with the price of a rigular dinner gone up to thirty-five? Father Flynn told us once when we were out on strike and he was urgin' us to hold together. He said the masons that built them cathedrals were organised into what was practically unions, d'ye understand? And they were just like so many brothers, and there was no climbin' over or half-Nelsonin' each other while the church was goin' up."

"Ah, but *my* Master Builder lived to see his churches completed, while some of your cathedrals took a thousand years in the building."

Dougherty grinned at her comprehensively. "My dear, wasn't I tellin' you they were put up by union labour?"

But Hilda Wangel was flaming with battle. "See here, Tim. Suppose your foreman should make up his mind that you are too old for this kind of work and that you ought to make place for a younger man. Wouldn't you do anything to show that you were still worth your salt? Wouldn't you risk your neck this very minute?"

"My dear, I beg to differ, as the insurance auditor's private mimoranda said to his sworn statement in court. I would not. I would think of Catherine and the young ones and ask the boss to let me run the donkey-engine downstairs."

"And if you fell ill?"

"I'd draw my sick pay from the union."

"And if you were too old to do any kind of work?"

"Well, there you have me. But that only shows that what we need is a comprihinsive system of old-age pensions, and, Dimocrat though I am, I say good luck to Teddy for proposin' them. And come to think of it, just take Teddy. He is no slouch of a Master Builder himself, is he? Well, does he go about trampin' all over the young men, pushin' 'em aside, refusin' 'em a look-in? Why, Teddy does all he can for the young men. Look at James Something Garfield. Look at Cortelyou. Look at Lenny Wood."

"Tim, in the very act of falling there was self-realisation."

"Nonsense, my child. Do you see that bridge there?" and he swept his arm toward the heavy bulk of the Williamsburg Bridge straining on its threadlike cables. "The first man killed on that bridge was the chief engineer. He fell from one of the towers before it was done. And every bridge that goes up costs our union a score of men. But that's all right; it's part of the game. There's got to be bridges, because bridges means more elbow room, and fresh air for the kids, and less drink and wife-beating, and less disease and all that. But you can't get my lovin' sympathy for the man that meets his finish in the act of scalin' the Empeerium just for his own sweet soul's sake. There wasn't anything noble about Jimmy Dolan's breakin' his neck while shinning up a tiligraph pole to get a look at the last game between the Yankees and Detroit."

There was a suspicious twitching about Hilda's lips. "Tim Dougherty," she called out, "you don't take me seriously. Old Solness did."

"Now, now, my dove, don't you go and be crying! You're a plucky girl; was I denyin' that? But why should you go travelling about in this rig in places where you don't belong? Go home and cook the old man's supper and be sure to wash the childern's face with What's-his-name's soap, so that they will be nice and clean against their father coming home."

"I'm not a married woman."

"Get married, my dear. There's lots of fine fellows would be glad to have you. And I've that confidence in you that when any single young woman comes around tryin' to inspire your husband you'll be able to give a better account of yourself than poor Mrs. Master Builder did."

Hilda rose, half sullen, half conquered; but as she placed her foot on the top rung of the ladder she turned about with a last burst of defiance. "Tim, it *is* more beautiful to fall from a tower than to die of a cold in the head."

"But, my dear," he called after her,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"you can't even fall and die that way nowadays without making others suffer. If I should let go my holt this very minute and drop to the street I should probably obliterate, so to spake, an innocent Wall Street broker, a Dago fruit peddler or two and a couple of stenographers."

Just then the one o'clock whistle blew.

* * * * *

All of which, and much more, appeared the same day in the thirty-fourth edition of the *Evening Vibrator,* accompanied by a quarter-page picture of Miss Mabel Jones and a corner inset showing the Tower; the spot where the interview took place being marked by a Maltese cross. For permission to print the present brief summary of the interview we are cordially indebted to the publishers of the *Evening Vibrator.*

S. Strunsky.

ON A GATE-STONE AT GRANADA

Here stood the little garden where
Of old, when joy was mine,
Over her cheeks two roses rare,
Her eyes, twain stars, would shine.

They say her beauty flaunts its flower
Within the courts of men afar;
But see how thorns enmesh the bower
And never comes a star.

Thomas Walsh.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

MISS STELLA PATRICK-CAMPBELL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to tour America beginning November 18th, arrives here she will have with her her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick-Campbell, who is now nineteen years old, and who will officiate as stage manager for her mother. The young woman will also make her debut as an actress. For the last three years Miss Campbell has been in Dresden, completing her education. Quite recently she was presented at Court.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RECENT REVIVAL OF "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

Uncle Josh (Denman Thompson) welcomes the city folks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. I. HODGE AS D. V. PIKE, THE MAN FROM HOME

"THE MAN FROM HOME." BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON

Horace and Ethel Simpson, natives of Kokomo, Ind., having been left orphans, and with a comparatively large sum of money at their individual commands, decide to live in Europe. There they are taken up by a certain unscrupulous European set. Both these young people become extreme Anglomaniacs. Their affairs are left in the hands of Daniel Voorhees Pike, a lawyer of Kokomo. He hears that Ethel has decided to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, the eldest son of an impecunious British peer, the Earl of Hawcastle, and immediately takes ship to Italy, where the young people are living, with the idea of looking into the matter. He arrives at a crucial moment. Ethel has promised to marry the young man, and the father demands the settlement of three-quarters of a million in payment for the "honour" his son is about to do her. She believes the young man loves her for herself. It becomes Pike's business to show the precious pair up in their true colours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN DREW AND BILLIE BURKE IN "MY WIFE"

Although "My Wife" is associated on the programme with the name of an American playwright, it is, to all practical purposes, a translation of "Mlle. Joseph, Ma Femme," one of the greatest Parisian successes of last year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARGARET ILLINGTON AND KYRLE BELLEW IN "THE THIEF," BY HENRI BERNSTEIN

The Thief tells the extraordinary story of a wife who steals in order to procure luxuries of dress to make her attractive in the eyes of the husband she adores. In the above scene the wife's guilt has just been discovered. The husband is going to tell their friends that she is the thief. She stops him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA, NOW PLAYING IN IBSEN'S "THE MASTER BUILDER"

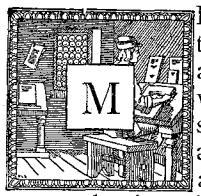
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRYSTAL HERNE AS DORIS CHAPIN AND BRUCE M'RAE AS J. MADISON TATE IN THE FIRST ACT OF CHARLES KLEIN'S "THE STEP-SISTER"

The Step-Sister tells the story of the lives of two young women, one of whom tyrannises over her weaker step-sister, whose father, through unfortunate investment, has brought the family to ruin. The younger sister finally pays back the money that has been lost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF MR. A. C. BENSON



R. BENSON presents the rare spectacle of an accomplished literary workman who has preserved to middle age an almost childlike ardour and ingenuousness. From an academic point of view, at least, his training in letters was the best which England can afford. Mr. Benson has never escaped the academic atmosphere. From Eton to Cambridge, where he captured a "classical first," then back at Eton as master for eighteen years, then (since 1903) again at Cambridge as a fellow of Magdalene College: growth to middle-aged bachelorhood under these circumstances is a parlous thing. There is, in truth, a touch of the spinsterly in the author of *From a College Window*. Such a career, at all events, gives ample leisure for the development of the writing talent; and Mr. Benson was predestined to write. Before he became a don he had published various books in biography and essays and a half dozen volumes of verse. During that time he was known as a capable and diligent worker in the field of belles-lettres; and for his poetry, refined, restrained, *simplex munditiis*, there was an appreciative if not precisely enthusiastic audience. It is perhaps a little too obviously reminiscent of Clough and of Arnold; a quiet melancholy, a plaintive elegiac note, is its characteristic; its moods of joy are always expectant of a gentle disillusion against which they hardly think it worth while to arm themselves:

Hidden music, airily heard,
  The child's voice in the warm woodways,
The soft glance and the murmured word,
  The soft close of the summer days.
    Heart speaketh to heart,
      Friend is glad with friend;
    The golden hours depart,
      Sweet things have an end.

There is a plaintive loveliness in such strains, which characterises Mr. Benson's verse at its best. In more aspiring moods he is less impressive; as, for example, in his patriotic odes—that "Ode to Japan," say, which presents in diplomatic rhyme the advantages of a union between Japan and England, and concludes:

Perchance, some war-vexed hour,
  Our thunder-throated ships
Shall thrid the foam, and pour
  The death-sleet from their lips.
Together raise the battle-song,
To bruise some impious head, to right some
    ruinous wrong.

But best, if knit with love,
  As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
  The world-wide dream of peace;
And smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in loving hand across the golden
    years.

Brimstone and treacle! Mr. Benson roars you on these occasions as gently as any sucking dove. The truth is, he is a bad jingo and a good sentimentalist. He is not a robust person. In *The Upton Letters* "T. B." says of Kipling: "I don't like his male men; I should dislike them and be ill at ease with them in real life, and I am ill at ease with them in his books." One need not be a female man to understand this feeling about certain of Kipling's heroes; but brutality is not worse than niminy-piminy, and the croquet school of literature has its failings as well as the football school. Mr. Benson is of the sensitive, reflecting, confiding temperament, which shrinks from whatever is brusque and rough and uncompromising. He is not really effeminate, but boyish, eager, ingenuous. There is an air of wistfulness about his confidences which is very winning. No doubt the feminine element in his following is large; for if women snatch a fearful joy from contact with the rude male man, they respond quite as readily to the gentler adolescent appeal for sym-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathy. *The Upton Letters* was the first of a series of intimate confidences which have given Mr. Benson an audience far larger and more attentive than his more formal work in belles-lettres could have won him.

The Upton Letters were of course really Eton letters; or, rather, the thoughts, experiences, and aspirations of Benson, the Eton master, cast in the convenient epistolary mould. At the end of his long service he finds himself doubtful of its value; he is much disposed to consider whether the game of teaching is worth the candle. He speaks very frankly all those thoughts which come into the minds of such teachers of long standing as are neither absolutely inspired nor absolutely useless in their calling. It must have been a relief to him to write such a book—a veritable book of confession—at the moment of his release from the routine which had become so disheartening. What he consciously labours for is frankness and simplicity: "One should practise the art of talking simply and directly among congenial people of what one admires and believes in." That he is extraordinarily successful in this art accounts largely for the eagerness with which *The Upton Letters* and its successors have been received. To be sure, it is considerably easier to get a clear notion of what he admires than of what he believes. He has the balancing instinct, his imagination is sufficiently flexible to bring the for and the against into sometimes embarrassing juxtaposition. It is a little puzzling to hear this man of academic training and classical manner remarking pleasantly on occasion, with a kind of amiable blasphemy, "I sometimes wonder whether there is an absolute standard of beauty at all, whether taste is not a poet of epidemic contagion, and whether the accredited man of taste is not, as some one says, the man who has the good fortune to agree most emphatically with the opinion of the majority." Isn't this a little like an æsthetic fouling of one's own nest? But the fault that must be found in Mr. Benson's work as a whole is precisely that it is inconclusive: very amiable, very engaging, very helpful to people who stand in need of a mild sedative; but not really stimulating, not really (it is a debauched word) convincing.

This fact is at first view obscured by the extraordinary charm of his style. He repeatedly cites Newman as his master; and the peculiar excellence of his own style is admirably characterised and illustrated in this comment:

> The perfection of lucid writing which one sees in books such as Newman's *Apologia* or Ruskin's *Præterita* seems to resemble a crystal stream, which flows limpidly and deliciously over its pebbly bed; the very shape of the channel is revealed; there are transparent glassy water-breaks over the pale gravel; but though the very stream has a beauty of its own, a beauty of liquid curve and delicate murmur, its chief beauty is in the exquisite transfiguring effect which it has over the shingle, the vegetation that glimmers and sways beneath the surface.

Mr. Benson's style always flows limpidly and deliciously; it is a delicate and pure medium through which, to tell the truth, ideas of moderate or even negative value are capable of taking on a positive charm. But this, as a feat of literary art, is a feat which the world has never learned to despise, and the personality thus revealed is separated by a strong barrier of genuine purity and spontaneity from the art-for-art's-sake prettiness of decadent literature. If Mr. Benson has no robust philosophy of life, if he is not quite fitted to be the spiritual father of a flock, he has, more than any of his contemporaries, the faculty of intimate discourse, of winning sympathy through frank and human confession. He bids fair to be ranked not with the Newmans or even the Ruskins, but with the Rousseaus, the Constants, the Amiels of recorded time. He improvises delightfully upon the theme of his own temperament and experience, and this quite as clearly in such signed essays as he has collected in *From a College Window* as in the rather perfunctory anonymity of *The Upton Letters* or *The Gate of Death.*

In one of the essays he declares improvisation to be not only his own method, but the best one. "One cannot do much by correction; "incessant practice" is the main thing; "we must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

content to abandon and sacrifice faulty manuscripts entirely; we ought not to fret over them and rewrite them." Such a method has its perils. Mr. Benson's besetting sin is overproduction. When he was released from the drudgery of teaching and promoted to the rich seclusion of his fellowship at Magdalene, might not one have thought his instinct would have been to bide his time, to bring forth the fruits of leisure and quiet well-being? Yet that moment of release seems to have been a signal for the beginning of an almost feverish burst of literary industry, the end of which is not yet. No penny-a-liner in his attic ever consumed more blameless sheets in a given time. Besides numberless periodical articles, he has published some four books a year. There is something a little undignified in this haste, something reprehensible as in gluttony or any other excess. The habit of incessant practice would seem to have got the upper hand. "T. B." puts the situation very clearly:

> My head is full from morning to night of everything except living. . . . Where I am at fault is in not relapsing at intervals into a wise and patient passivity, and sitting serenely on the shore of the sea of life. . . . Why do I not do this? Because, to continue my confession, it simply bores me. I must, it seems, be always in a fuss; be always hauling myself painfully on to some petty ambition or some shadowy object that I have in view; and the moment I have reached it I must fix upon another, and begin the process over again. It is this lust for doing something tangible, for sitting down quickly and writing fitly, for having some definite result to show, which is the ruin of me and of many others. . . . And meanwhile all the real experiences of life pass me by. I have never, God forgive me, had time to be in love!

Mr. Benson says somewhere that he has always been in the habit of keeping a full diary. There, it may be, he chiefly lives; and this public diarising is merely an elaborate embroidery upon the original fabric. Or is his personal journal simply another number upon the programme before the prospect of whose indefinite expansion we now begin, perhaps, to shuffle a little in our seats?

H. W. Boynton.

BERNARD SHAW'S POLITICAL ALLEGORY

E wonder how many of the readers of Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* have wondered at the improbable plot of that play. We refer to the fixed, invariable and unalterable succession of the Undershaft business—the manufacture of death and destruction in the shape of cannons, torpedoes, submarines, patent hand grenades and aerial battleships—through successive generations from one foundling to another. The thing sounds more like a story from fairyland, assuming that they have foundlings there, than a representation of modern life. To be sure, the plot, the story, the logical unfolding of a series of connected happenings to their natural conclusion, has not always been the strong point in Mr. Shaw's plays. The plot has ever been to Mr. Shaw mainly a vehicle for conveying his peculiar ideas to an eager public agape with expectancy for his brilliant sallies, original juxtapositions and bold new moralities (or immoralities). Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw is, if anything, a militant anti-romanticist. He professedly aims at being true to life as he sees it; and although his plots sometimes contain bizarre and even mystical elements, yet these elements are not shockingly untrue to life, since the odd, grotesque and incomprehensible are also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a part of life. This cannot, however, be said of the Undershaft rule of succession. No such rule exists now, nor has it ever existed. Even the Roman Empire under the Antonines—the only other institution the success of which is at all comparable with that of the Undershaft firm (Act I., p. 209)—was not handed over to foundlings, although it was transmitted not to natural, but to adopted sons. Nor can it be argued that the introduction of this strange and highly improbable element was necessary for the development of the Shavian ideas in the play. On the contrary, all those ideas are brought out without any reference whatsoever to the peculiar rule of succession, which seems as superfluous as it is unreal.

We believe that the puzzle can be explained by conceiving of the Undershaft rule of succession as an allegory of Socialist politics. It is well known that Mr. Shaw has been a leading figure of the Fabian Society from its very birth. This society is composed of English Socialists. Not, however, of Socialist workingmen, but of Socialist "intellectuals," of whom many, like Oliver, Lord Milner, Sidney Webb and Shaw himself have attained to eminence in their respective spheres of action. Not of "impracticable" Marxists, with their theories of surplus-value, irrepressible class conflicts, and social revolution, and their uncompromising attitude toward all existing institutions, but of "practical" men, "realists" and "evolutionists," with whom theories and general principles count for naught, and practical measures of reform count for everything. According to the Fabians, practical results can most easily be obtained, not by forming an independent party of the working class, but by permeating existing political parties with Socialist ideas and by giving to existing institutions a Socialist trend. To be sure, this can only be accomplished warily and gradually, a step at a time, by stealth, as it were, and unbeknown to the reactionaries and conservatives. The latter are to be persuaded to commit themselves to programmes and policies that run counter to their own interests, while they are to be kept in a state of innocence as to the ultimate implication and inevitable drift of these policies and programmes so soon as they have begun to be put into execution.

In all the preceding plays of Mr. Shaw, in so far as the Socialist in him found expression in them, it was always as the revolutionary Socialist, as the electrical battery administering shocks to his *bourgeois* audiences. In the Socialist politics of England, on the contrary, Mr. Shaw has always figured as the practical man, safe and sane, worldly-wise, as the man who puts on the brakes, as the Germans would say. *Major Barbara* is the first of his plays in which this practical side of Mr. Shaw's Socialism finds embodiment through the allegory of the Undershaft rule of succession.

Ever since the formation in France, at the crisis of the Dreyfus agitation, of the "cabinet of republican defence," of which the late Waldeck-Rousseau was the chief and Milleraud, a Socialist, was the Minister of Commerce, the Socialists have been divided on the question of "ministerialism," i. e., the propriety, consonance with principle and advantageousness of the entrance of a Socialist into a cabinet composed in the main of upholders of the existing social order. The entrance of Milleraud into the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet divided the Socialists of France into two bitterly hostile camps. A similar split occurred not long after among the Italian Socialists on the allied question of co-operating with a *bourgeois* ministry and voting for its budget in order to keep the more conservative parties out of power. In Germany also the followers of Eduard Bernstein, who suddenly leaped into general favour and fame on turning "revisionist" of the "orthodox" theory and practice, hailed with joy the policy of ministerialism as a new revelation of proletarian power, and longed for the time when conditions in their own country would make the application of the new policy a possibility. The Fabians, of course, looked upon the turn of events in France as a practical demonstration of the correctness of their own attitude, and on the favour with which it met elsewhere as a conversion of the Socialists of the Continent to their own views. Of late, however, the "anti-ministerialists" seem to have obtained a decided preponderance all over the Con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinent. Even in France, the home of its birth, "ministerialism" was declared anathema, and Milleraud himself was expelled from the Socialist party even with the consent of Jaures, his erstwhile staunchest and most eloquent supporter, who had formulated the theory of the "new method" for overthrowing the capitalistic social order. Nevertheless, the experiment has been repeated in France by the inclusion in the present Clemenceau cabinet of MM. Briand and Viviani, and is also being tried in England for the first time by the entrance of John Burns into the present Liberal cabinet.

The plot of *Major Barbara* is an allegory of "ministerialism." The Undershaft firm "dealing in death and destruction" images forth the Public Powers, the Forces of Government. The firm was established in the reign of James I. (Act I., p. 208), when Parliament first began to assert itself in a masterful way. The transmission of governmental power, not from father to son, as in the days of monarchical absolutism, but to a succession of foundlings, denotes the triumph of Parliamentary Government, the possession of which has shifted in turn to various social classes and political parties. At present this government is under the thumb of Undershaft and Lazarus (Act III., p. 279), representing Industrial Captaincy and High Finance, and actuated by the morality nowadays characterised as Nietzschean (Act II., p. 252); while to the hereditary aristocracy, personified by Lady Britomart, is assigned the ornamental function of social representation. But the Socialist "in love with the common people," represented in the play by Cusins and Barbara, is to be the next successor. It is, however, only in England that the working classes, as represented by the Socialist, are in relation to the powers of government in the condition of an illegitimate child; in Australia, where the Labor party has been a recognised factor of government these many years, they are the offspring of lawful wedlock (Act III., p. 291). "You cannot have power for good without having power for evil too," says Cusins, and the Socialist must become a junior partner and heir apparent in the Undershaft firm in order that he may learn to use the powers of government for good and create a "democratic power strong enough to force the intellectual oligarchy to use its genius for the general good or else perish." Thus is Industrial Captaincy to be converted into Industrial Democracy under the guidance of a universalised Fabian Society, and "ministerialism" is justified by its prospective fruits.

The allegorical core of the play was quite effectually concealed by Mr. Shaw, who did not vouchsafe even a hint of its existence in all the forty-four pages of preface to *Major Barbara*. But besides the completeness of the analogy, there are also some extraneous circumstances which confirm us in our view. First, the decision of Barbara to turn from the task of converting the slums to the conversion of the well-paid and full-filled employees of the Undershaft firm, which accords with Mr. Shaw's own preference for the preaching of Socialism to the well-to-do. Secondly, the above-mentioned comparison of the Undershaft firm to the Roman Empire under the Antonines: how often has not the *pax Britannica*, in India and elsewhere, been compared to the *pax Romana?* Thirdly, the inscription on the dome of the Labour Church in the Undershaft model town of the words of William Morris: "No man is good enough to be another man's master." The doctrine of the equality of all men, which is coeval with modern society, "shocked men at first, I am afraid," as it did the Undershaft employees, by its glaring contrast with actuality, and gave rise to the Levellers in the English revolution (the Puritan, not the "glorious" one of 1688) and to the Terror and the subsequent conspiracy of Gracchus Babœuf in the French Revolution. In time, however, it came to be "taken no more notice of than the ten commandments in church." Lastly, it may be taken for granted that the creator of Adolphus Cusins, Professor of Greek and translator of Euripides, has at least a bowing acquaintance with Aristophanes, whose sense of ironic humour was not a little akin to his own, and who was also a past master at turning a political situation into a dramatic allegory.

H. Simpson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GHOST FLOWER

CHILLED and sodden company sat about the fireplace in the much-varnished Adirondack hotel parlour. Miss Bascom, the art student with slovenly hair and uncertain belt ribbon, played airs from the *Sultan of Sulu* at the piano, while a slabby girl from Montreal danced a two-step by herself, heavily and without rhythm. Mrs. Sylvester Banks, of Brooklyn, embroidered a centrepiece with yellow roses. Mrs. Thompkins, of Elmtown, St. Lawrence County, sat in the window seat watching the storm come up over the lake, and was in Mrs. Banks's light. Mrs. Thompkins had even drawn the red chenile curtains about her shoulders, so secluding herself that her presence was indicated only by the foot of one of her crutches protruding from the fringe.

Mr. Clancy Barnes, entering, remarked, "You look as if you had all eaten blue-berry pie for dinner and were sorry."

"We did." Mrs. Sylvester Banks's chin became triple with mirth.

"And we are," sighed Miss Bascom.

"I had sandwiches," said Mr. Barnes, unbuckling his knapsack and laying it on the big table among old papers, magazines and embroidery floss. "Sandwiches—and my conscience is clear. And I got back just in time, didn't I?"

The storm flashed and gloomed at the window as he spoke.

"Mrs. Thompkins," called Mrs. Banks nervously, "don't you know it's dangerous to sit by a window in a thunder storm?"

But the sullen lady, wrapped in red chenille curtains, made no reply.

Mr. Barnes took charge of the fire, which was spilling smoke lazily under the mantel, and fed it with the old papers until he had directed a neat column of smoke at the flue. He cosily touched the embers here and there and eased the logs to a comfortable position.

"There," he said, standing off and dusting his palms, "now we'll do."

The red curtains stirred. Mrs. Thompkins, hearing the cheerful crackle, and seeing the reflected dance of flames on the darkened walls, rose painfully to her feet and tapped with her crutches across the slippery floor, but Mrs. Banks, with a certain suave rigidity that suggested a person quite aware of what she was doing and why, established herself in the one easy-chair by the fire before Mrs. Thompkins had covered half of her slow journey. Mrs. Thompkins's scowl in the mingled firelight and rainy dusk was ferocious, but it faded to dull wistfulness and then to indifference. She looked backward at the window seat, but the girl from Montreal had promptly taken that. Mr. Barnes, however, who had briefly disappeared, entered with a big porch rocker, which he placed opposite Mrs. Banks; then, with smiling apologies to the girl from Montreal, he took the cushions from the window seat, arranged them cosily in the rocker and bowed to Mrs. Thompkins.

She sank into it, saying nothing, but looking up with a softened expression in her scornful black eyes before she settled down to studying the fire as she had studied the storm, as if planning some sombre line of action, building something definite out of indefinite smoke and flame.

Then Mr. Barnes undid his knapsack like a jovial Santa Claus, so confident of interest and applause that it came hypnotically when only a messy lot of herbs tumbled out.

"I'm just taking it up"—meaning botany. "You've no idea how fascinating it is. You get acquainted with plants as if they were people. You wouldn't suppose these were related, now, would you?"

He held some Prince's pine in one big hand and in the other a waxen, pearly, leafless thing with bent head like a novice at prayer.

"They both belong to the heath family," he went on cheerfully.

Mrs. Thompkins spoke: "That's an Indian pipe. I used to find them when I was a girl."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He dragged the great table up to her chair at once.

"Have you studied botany?"

"A little—at the old academy and by myself. Another name is 'corpse plant.' You see they are blackening already, and they are cold and clammy to the touch."

"Ugh! What a name!" shuddered Mrs. Banks, her manner implying that Mrs. Thompkins in mentioning it had committed a solecism.

"They call them 'ghost flowers,' too," said Mrs. Thompkins. She examined the confused mass in the knapsack, and collected a dozen or so of the Indian pipes thoughtfully. There was a suggestion of dead and gone romance, of something that these flowers had once meant. The art student, with a soul for the beautiful, clasped her hands and shrieked:

"Oh, don't *move!* I want you just like that—the pearl-grey shawl and the grey dress and those dead-looking flowers and the firelight just touching it here and there. Oh, what an inspiration!"

Mrs. Thompkins threw aside the flowers, turned her back to the table and once more paid attention to the coals, Miss Bascom, unabashed, looking at her through the telescope of her half-shut hands, ejaculating now and then, "Perfect!" and at last, with dreamy ecstasy, "How would 'The Ghost Flower' do as a title?"

"Bully!" This was the comment of Mr. Thompkins. He was wiping his little oily wisp of a moustache as he stood in the doorway, and brought with him a powerful fragrance of cloves and peppermint. Mrs. Thompkins did not raise her eyes. She was busied stirring the fire with her crutch. A log fell, and a sudden blaze lit all corners of the dusky room. The rain was for the moment withheld, but the clouds crouched thick and dark on the lake and in the forest until even Mrs. Banks had to lay aside her embroidery.

"C-call it Ghosh Flow'r. M-make it portrait. *I'll* buy it!" said Mr. Thompkins, approaching unsteadily, beaming loving kindness on every one. Mr. Clancy Barnes, intent upon placing his treasures between sheets of blotting paper, did not look up or give place, but Mrs. Banks at once swept from the room, thus leaving her chair for Mr. Thompkins, who promptly dropped into it, first thanking her profusely.

Mrs. Thompkins rose then, looking down at the outspread plants. The firelight so sported with her thin face that it seemed to wear a grimace of pain.

"I used to be interested in them when I was young."

"You are not a centenarian," said Clancy Barnes with a bright, forced smile.

Mrs. Thompkins looked up at him dreamily under her heavy eyelids, frowning, not at him, but at some far-off idea or memory. When she frowned her eyebrows had a sinister way of meeting in a broad, black band. Perhaps Clancy Barnes, like the ghost flowers, was a symbol to her of something that she had once thought about or hoped for. With the same slow stare she contemplated her crutches.

"These are the same as age."

She pinned a ghost flower in her pearl-grey shawl and went toward the door.

"You goin' off shust because I came?" shouted her husband. When she made no reply, and he jumped up to pursue her, it was noticed by all the women in the room that Mr. Clancy Barnes also made a sudden motion as if to follow, then pulled himself together and stood quite still, looking at nothing but his plants.

They all listened to the slow, steady tapping of the crutch, which did not falter because of the scrambling pursuit and angry incoherence of Mr. Thompkins. Afterward the women of the hotel evolved quite a romance out of that spasmodic start of Mr. Clancy Barnes, but Miss Bascom would say, "Don't you remember those bands of grey in her hair and the wrinkles? She looked old enough to be his mother."

And Mrs. Banks would further elucidate, "He comes from a good New York family, you know, and, of course, he is chivalrous. Very likely he was afraid that Thompkins, in that condition, might strike her. Still"—there was a vague contradictoriness about Mrs. Banks's remarks, which yet passed for worldly wisdom, unquestioned—"still, women like Mrs. Thompkins are strangely attractive to a certain class of men."

* * * * *

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rain became terrific with lightning, thunder and the uprooting of trees, but by supper-time the darkness rolled aside and a tearful sunset filtered through the still mottled dining-room windows.

On each table was a trim bouquet of nasturtiums, sweet-peas, petunias and candytuft. There were fresh blueberries, chocolate cake, hot biscuit, slices of cold ham, tea, and cocoa, all touched with tender pink light from the glorified storm clouds. Everybody was in rare good humour. But there was a shocked and virtuous tone to this good humour as of partisans in some good cause; or was it more the attitude of people who criticise a popular play or book? A violent storm had been raging audibly indoors.

Mrs. Banks welcomed Mr. Clancy Barnes, who sat at her table, with a forgiving and indulgent smile, but as he was unconscious of any need for indulgence or forgiveness, he merely bowed as usual, and made comments on the beauty of the sunset.

"Did you get the full benefit of the matinée?"

Mrs. Banks spoke in a significantly lowered voice, lifting her eyebrows correspondingly.

"May I offer you these biscuit?" said Mr. Barnes. "They look delicious and one can digest anything in this air." But while he hesitated for further change of subject Mrs. Banks slumped stubbornly back into the line she had chosen.

"It was certainly the most disgraceful thing I've ever known—that is, so close at hand. Of course, in settlement work we hear that kind of thing now and then, but to be under the same roof with it——"

Mr. Barnes half shut his eyes, recalling the careworn, cowed demeanour of this lady's husband.

"Yes. We are more quiet about it, aren't we?"

"Oh! to be sure. Their room is next to mine, you know. I gathered that her lameness was due to his having thrown her downstairs some years ago when he was drunk, and that he is driven to drink by her temper. Lovely, isn't it?"

The door opened and Mr. Thompkins appeared alone, sleek, fat, loose-mouthed, the same jovial leer in his little black eyes, a baby-blue tie under his triple chin.

"Sweet creature!" murmured Mrs. Banks. "But as I started to tell you, I think they won't stay. I spoke to the proprietor about it, and so did Mrs. Irwin, and I think they will be requested to leave. At least"—her own chin became triple with firmness—"if they don't leave *we will!*"

Then Mr. Thompkins's voice where he sat alone at his table rose up in jolly anecdote and personal witticism, rendering further conversation difficult even for Mrs. Banks.

"Wonder where *she* is?" that lady murmured.

The same idea seemed to occur at that instant to Mr. Thompkins.

"Where's my better half?" he inquired with loud cheerfulness. There was arrested attention throughout the room. The woman at the next table said, "Mrs. Thompkins hasn't come into the dining-room yet."

"Why, she knows supper's ready, doesn't she?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I don't think any of us have seen her this afternoon since—she went upstairs."

"Huh! that's funny!" Mr. Thompkins seemed actually a little troubled, finished his meal without further conversation and went out on the veranda. They heard him walk slowly about its three sides and then go down the long board walk toward the forest-bordered lake. At the edge of the trees he stopped and called, "Al! Al!"

"I believe I like him better than I do her," said Mrs. Banks. Miss Bascom went to the piano and began to sing, "She's my Mary contrary." Barnes lit his pipe and strolled down the walk after Thompkins. He was not anywhere in sight, but his voice was audible from a distance. "Al! Al!" He seemed to be skirting the lake shore.

Barnes followed slowly, running over in his mind such disagreeable things as he had ever heard of suicides, mysterious disappearances, bizarre acts of people out of patience with the world, showing their resentment hysterically.

The wet air blew up from the lake; to Barnes it seemed invigorating, but little Mrs. Thompkins, lame, feeble, should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be in her accustomed place by the wood fire in the hotel parlour, wrapped in her pearl-grey shawl, and if she must look like those dreadful little ghost flowers, at least doing so in comfortable surroundings. He considered different pleasant ways of exterminating Thompkins, yet that persistent call of "Al! Al!" rather disarmed him. The fellow seemed genuinely anxious. Probably he was merely a stupid brute and not a malicious one.

The calling stopped at last and the swift crackling of the branches showed that Thompkins was returning.

"I say," he observed as he emerged face to face with Barnes, "would you mind helping me hunt a little? She's sulky, I guess, and hiding. She couldn't 'a gone very far, now could she?"

"One wouldn't suppose so."

"You see, we had a flare-up this afternoon. She's enough to provoke a saint, anyway. You've no idea what I've had to put up with from that woman. Lots of men would 'a run off before. My gracious, I——"

"We would better get other men, too, I think. She must be found as soon as possible. Perhaps you would better inquire at the cottages around the lake. I will get the others."

"Well, I dunno——" said Thompkins, but Barnes was already striding back to the hotel.

* * * * *

The distant tops of the trees shut out what little light there might be left in the sky, and Clancy Barnes with his lantern passed here and there among their great trunks like a will-o'-the-wisp, calling now and then, echoed for a time by the other searchers, but at last his cries were unanswered, and the solitude of the forest shut in upon him. Once he was startled by the glow of two great eyes in the shine of his lantern, then there was a snort and a light patter of feet as a deer dived into the darkness. Once an owl with a mournful cry flew so near his head that he felt the wind from its noiseless wings.

"Mrs. Thompkins!" he called at intervals. Yet how was it possible she could have come so far! Had she started on her tempestuous journey during the fury of the rain that afternoon? It must have been so. The wretched quarrel had taken place directly after she had gone upstairs. Then that brute had slept off his drink, and while he slept she had escaped, and the rain had effaced all mark of her pathetic little crutches and destroyed the trail for the dog which had been brought with many boasts by the guide.

One party was searching the lake. In his heart Barnes believed that theory to be the correct one. Poor, harassed soul, who could blame her? One could tell by the lines of her face how she had been fiercely active once. He recalled one story she had told of her youth, of a horseback ride at night for a doctor, and another about climbing Mount Powasket alone for the fun of the thing. He could imagine the lake and the storm might have seemed attractive enough under present circumstances. But to think of that was the duty of those who were about it; his was to search and call among the sombre tree trunks, to keep sharp lookout for a pearl-grey shawl and gown, huddled and pallid, like the Indian pipes he had found that morning half hidden under dead leaves. And suddenly, as he held up his lantern and looked into the hollow of an old tree he saw her, silent, cowering, the light gleaming in her eyes as it had done in the deer's.

She remained perfectly quiet while he came up to her with the lantern. Her crutches were at her feet and her shawl was drawn closely about her. He thought swiftly of Miss Bascom and her ecstatic remarks. Poor ghost flower! The resemblance was striking enough as she crouched in the hollow tree, wet and cold.

"Poor child!" he said—and that seemed hardly the proper remark to a woman with grey streaks in her hair. He put his brandy flask to her lips; she swallowed a little obediently, but when he took her hand to help her to rise she moaned and shook her head.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "let's have a fire and then we'll see what next."

It was not so easy to gather dry material in the dripping woods, but at last from under logs and roots he collected several armfuls of leaves, and on these placed dead twigs, which dried quickly in their heat and then took up the blaze in their turn, so that at last there was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire—the second made that day for Mrs. Thompkins's comfort.

"Come up and get dry," he said as it roared. He held out his hand again to help her up, but she shook her head, glancing at her crutches.

"You are in pain?" His tone was infinitely gentle. She put her hands over her face and nodded convulsively.

"Will you let me carry you?"

She made no gesture of refusal, so he bent down and she put her arms about his neck. Her hands had the clammy chill of death as he carried her the few paces to the fire. But when he would have laid her down on the cedar couch he had prepared she still clung in a childish way, her little cold hands clasped behind his neck.

"The pain is very great?" he suggested, waiting patiently to be released. Her colourless lips silently repeated, "Very great!" and she made no motion to let him go.

"Can I ease it, do you think, by holding you up a little as I am doing now?"

She answered "Yes" voicelessly as before.

So he carefully adjusted himself to her slight weight, and when he had thus made it plain that she might stay as she was, her cold hands relaxed at last and were folded under her chin, and she sighed a long, deep, shuddering sigh of relief. Her black hair with its white bands was loosened, so that its ends coiled on the ground, and the firelight lit up the silver in it till it shone like metal.

"The rest will find us soon," said Clancy Barnes, "then you can be more comfortable."

"The rest?" It was the first time she had spoken. "My husband?"

"Yes. They are all hunting, you know. I sort of got lost from them myself, you see."

One hand twisted firmly into his coat lapel.

"I don't want him to come."

Clancy Barnes had a well-bred dislike of unconventionality. It was an article of his belief that if people were unhappy they should clothe their unhappiness as decently as possible in polite phrases. The savage misery that is so indifferent to appearances as to be willing to stalk naked he did not understand.

"Oh, now, Mrs. Thompkins, you don't mean that, you know!"

"Mrs. Thompkins," she repeated reflectively. "I've been Mrs. Thompkins ten years. It's an ugly name. Since I came into the woods this afternoon I've been 'Alice' again. Call me that."

"If you wish it—Alice." Poor Clancy Barnes blushed to his polite ears. He felt as sick with pity as he remembered feeling once when he was a boy and his pony had broken a leg and had to be shot. There were potential tears within him and he was horribly uncomfortable.

"It wasn't so easy getting here," went on Alice, "that I should want to go back now. I wish we could stay here. This going back—isn't it something like the fugitive slave law? I don't want to."

The great trees stirred softly now and then, sending hissing drops into the fire. The world of convention appeared infinitely remote and foolish. The kind forest seemed to say that if this maimed and unhappy Alice wanted to spend the rest of her life in a hollow tree with birds and squirrels, why, then, let her. There was plenty of room and it was more natural and right than Thompkins, anyway.

And Alice twisted her slim fingers into Clancy Barnes's coat lapel, fixed him with her great unhappy eyes and argued the matter until the forest seemed sensible and towns foolish.

"If you had known me when I was a girl you would understand. There's Indian in me, way back, and so it's wickeder for me to be lame than for most people. So long as I could ride and walk I didn't mind, but now— I *was* going to the lake, but the woods looked so kind and peaceful in spite of the storm—I wanted to be out in it alone again. And now I'm glad I did, for you came—you came—and—you are keeping the pain away, and just now I am happy. I don't care now about all those other years."

"Is she in love with me?" thought the dismayed Clancy Barnes. But he kept on looking at the pale face resting against his shoulder and the dismay disappeared. A wounded dryad, when the world was young and unconventional, might have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus been succoured by a faun in such a forest as this.

Alice suddenly put up a hand and stroked Clancy Barnes's cheek and smiled—a smile so young and innocent that the white bands in her hair seemed unreal.

"How lovely it would have been," she said, "if we could have been young together—and—all that. I don't believe we'd have got tired of each other, do you? But I suppose you're engaged to some nice girl, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Clancy Barnes, fumbled at his vest pocket and brought out a miniature. Alice looked at it eagerly and critically, then handed it back with a smile.

"She is nice, and you'll be happy, and I'm glad; but just for now help me to dream how it would have been—" She broke off with a moan and hid her face against his breast.

"It's no use dreaming, one can't get rid of the truth, but hold me like this while you can. O God! God!"

There were long shuddering sobs gradually decreasing. Was it an hour of this pitiful companionship?—then silence—and drowsiness—then a shout and a sudden sensation of something gone from his arms—was there a kiss on his forehead first?—and Thompkins and the other searchers were standing over him in the grey light of dawn, while from high up came the busy sound of waking birds.

"Been making yourself comfortable, eh?" sneered Thompkins.

"But," gasped Barnes, staring about him, "she was here!"

"Huh! She'd be here now, I guess, if she'd ever been."

A small dog chained to the guide's wrist was straining away from the group, his nose to the ground.

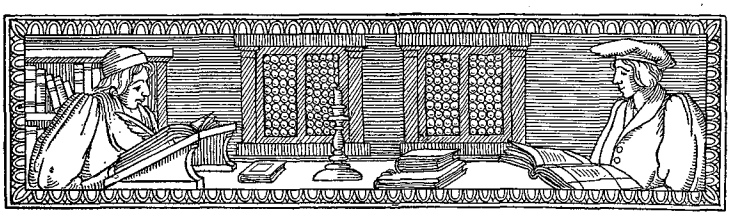
"Toby know," said Pete. "She been here—she go—Toby find him."

Toby led eagerly through tangled underbrush, stopped and whimpered. The guide lifted his lantern, then crossed himself—"Nom de Dieu!"

An answering light seemed to come up from over the bank as his lantern swung out over it, but it was only the reflection from black, still water. They crowded up to the shore and strained their eyes into the darkness. Some sleeping pond lilies floated nearer the shore. A little further out—was it a branch? Too symmetrical for a branch—more like a crutch—yes, both of them.

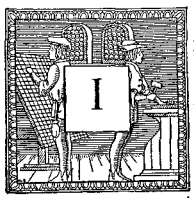
Thompkins sat down and cried, but Clancy Barnes waded in. The pool was slimy and opaque, but shallow, so that it was easy enough to find what he sought.

Georgia Wood Pangborn.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MAGAZINE WRITER



AM that very ordinary, meet-you-every-day person, a magazine writer. I wish to say at the outset of this simple confession, which is made only in the hope that it may help others who are struggling to gain a livelihood, that I have happily been endowed with the ability to realise my own limitations; and any small success I have achieved I attribute principally to that one talent.

In a magazine experience covering now a round dozen years, I have never once attempted to write an article unless I felt certain that I could do so. Perhaps I have lost a good-sized cheque here and there, but I am loath to believe that. I have steadfastly held to the idea that it is better and safer in the long run to turn out, even on order, only work that could without shame and remorse be signed with one's own name; and that to "do" an editor by delivering to him a MS. that represents little of one's best thought and endeavour is like killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Editors and publishers are wise men, though the public and many writers may not agree with me.

My income has averaged about $3,000 each year, and I, for one, hold that any sane man can live very happily and comfortably on that amount. In a few instances it has far exceeded that; but I have had my poor seasons, just as any merchant or cobbler has his. Excluding one period of sickness, and one whole month when for some unaccountable reason what little brain I have absolutely refused to work, I have been rather fortunate, I think; and I believe in counting one's blessings first of all.

I make no pretensions at being what is called a "literary man." I have never been fêted nor urged to give readings from my own works; I am wined and dined only by my friends, who, I am sure, wine and dine me simply because they care for *me* and not for the inconsequential words I write.

I worked for a short time on a New York daily newspaper. Nothing—and I say this in all seriousness—not even a salary of $100 a week—could have induced me to remain longer than I did. A famous magazine publisher to whom I once acted as private secretary, told me that a young man did the wisest thing in his life when he abandoned daily journalism. He held that a brief training on a large newspaper gives one a certain poise and alertness that serve one well in after years; but too long a grind at a reporter's desk saps a man's energy and heart and brain—yes, and his soul—and unfits him for good future work.

Nothing could be truer. My physical strength has never been my greatest asset, and that was the chief reason why I deserted my reportorial post and entered the ranks of the free lance.

I must say that I took the step with some misgivings. I was utterly unknown as a writer, though my newspaper output during my months of activity on the New York —— had been enormous. That is one of the tragedies of journalism. Who knows, for instance, the names of the brilliant men who write the editorials in any of the big dailies that are forces in our land? When they die—and some of them die young—another brilliant confrère, if he is permitted to do so, writes a little editorial paragraph about the loss of his brother worker—and that is all. I have twelve large scrapbooks filled with my printed newspaper productions, for with the enthusiasm of youth I clipped everything I had published as soon as it appeared; but about a month before I left the paper, I had ceased to keep track of my articles simply because I wrote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so many of them! Heaven knows, I might have another scrapbook to my discredit now if I had kept on!

I had a certain confidence in my ability to get a hearing with the magazines, and I was ambitious to gain some recognition. In the little time that I was able to spare from my regular work, I made a careful study of the leading monthly and weekly periodicals, and I came to the conclusion that a man of ordinary intelligence, given a certain facility of expression—which I was vain enough to believe that I had—could eke out a fairly good living, *if he once could get a start.* He would be, in a sense, his own master; he would at least not be forced to keep long and heart-breaking hours; he could eat and sleep with some regularity; he would find time, perhaps, for those delightful social duties which up till then had been but a dream to me.

The prospect was alluring. I determined to try.

I had managed to save only a few hundred dollars; but I had no one dependent upon me; I was young, and I was unafraid. I felt that I was not ill equipped. I had had my knocks, and I figured that I would not starve. Moreover, and what is far more important, I felt the instinct within me to write fiction; though the fact that I had done interviews for my paper may cause those with a sense of humour to smile and say that I had already made a pretty good start on my chosen ground.

Before I handed in my resignation, however, I wished, if possible, to be the possessor of several acceptances from prominent magazines; and I employed a few "days off" in writing three special articles, for which I obtained the necessary photographs.

I had aimed these articles at three particular periodicals, without taking the precaution of interviewing any of the editors in advance to ascertain their immediate needs. I said to myself that as these periodicals had been publishing papers of a similar nature, they were, of course, in the market for more; and I did not wish to call on the editors because I wanted to land my MSS. on their merits alone. I believed, as many a beginner does, that editors were predisposed in favour of contributors whom they met personally, and that if one took a magazine editor to luncheon his fortune was made! I have learned much since then.

I posted my MSS. at the same time, and I shall never forget my sensations as I dropped those precious documents into the letter-box. It seemed to me as if my whole future depended upon their fate. But it did not. In less than a week two of my articles came back, and four days later their brother returned, looking much the worse for his journey out of town.

Of course, I was glad that I had not resigned from the newspaper! I still had my space money coming in, and I had told no living soul of my aspirations. There was no one to laugh at me, therefore, but I laughed at myself. I bundled those three MSS. to three different Sunday editors, and they were accepted at once. Three generous cheques followed.

But I had determined to get into the magazines. "My style is too journalistic," I said to myself. I began writing a short story, but I tore it up after I had finished one page. Perhaps I was nervous, but I couldn't for the life of me write dialogue that sounded a bit natural. I saw that my road was not destined to be an easy one; yet I kept on.

One day while I was reporting a sensational murder trial in New York, an incident in the court-room attracted my attention, and I at once saw its dramatic possibilities. That very night I turned it into fiction and sent it to a ten-cent magazine to which it seemed suited. A cheque for $60 reached me. I was elated. If that was the kind of stories they wanted I could supply them rapidly, for such incidents were occurring and had occurred almost every day during my reportorial work.

I wrote several pieces of fiction based on events that had come to my notice, and although I placed four of them almost immediately, I had not sufficient confidence in myself to give up my regular work. So I held on, in the meantime writing diligently. Then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a day came when a magazine editor asked me to call upon him and talk over a series of stories of newspaper life. He had been impressed with one of my MSS. After he had made me a rather liberal offer, I felt justified in retiring from the newspaper game. I would have enough money to keep me comfortably for a year, at least.

It must be remembered, however, that eight or ten years ago the magazines were not paying such large prices for fiction, particularly from unknown writers. My plunge into the realm of the free lance was therefore all the more hazardous.

The series of stories which I wrote did not prove a brilliant success, and no more were ordered. But they did one thing for me: they had brought my name before the very public which I had been anxious to reach, and gave me with rival magazines a certain value. I had made a start, a little money, and a *succès d'estime*.

I had made up my mind that while under some conditions the writing of fiction might prove very profitable, it was the business of every free lance to acquire some specialty. For some reason stories dealing with newspaper life have never been wonderfully popular, either in books or upon the stage. I suppose it is because the general public cannot be forced to take an interest in the machinery that gets out a great daily; they care only about the finished product to read with their coffee and eggs in the morning. The smell of printers' ink is attractive to but a small proportion of people, after all, and the romance of the city editor's room is uninteresting to Fifth Avenue or the Bronx.

The magazines were beginning to specialise more and more. True, the muck-rakers had not yet come upon the scene, but the writer of good papers dealing with a vital and appealing theme was in demand. When such an article could be interestingly illustrated its value was greatly enhanced. I started a campaign of my own and worked assiduously for several months. I found talking over an article with an editor in advance was always good policy and created an interest in the MS. before it was written. The cheques came in slowly, but they came in nevertheless.

In the meantime I did not abandon my idea of doing more fiction. But I felt that it would be necessary to make sufficient money through special articles so that I could have some leisure to devote to the short stories, which I never for a moment ceased to think of. Some one has said that the business of free lancing is intensely nerve-racking, because one never seems to get ahead far enough in one's bank account to plunge into that big American novel which we all have a mind to write. And what if one's health should break down? There are a hundred catastrophes that mght occur; but I hold that the free lance is much better off than the bookkeeper toiling over dull accounts in a poorly ventilated office far downtown. He is meeting all the while people who interest him and who make the rough ways easier to travel.

One of the cheaper periodicals which cared nothing for names had seen my newspaper tales and wrote to me, asking if I would do a serial for them. They said they had been impressed by the action in each of my stories (so I had not written in vain, after all!), and while the compensation that they offered was not great, it was to be enough to warrant my thinking the matter over. I discovered to my joy that I could do the kind of work they required without seriously interfering with the more lucrative special articles. With my left hand, as it were, I turned out the exciting serial and a cheque helped toward my ultimate plan. I am still doing work for that magazine, and I do not believe that the fiction they demand affects my later and more serious output. Whenever I am pressed for funds, and, indeed, whenever I need a little mental relaxation, I sit down at my typewriter and do a serial that I know I can sell. I try not to hand them a story that is slovenly, and I actually enjoy writing those tales always.

I earned a considerable sum in one year—enough to pay for a little shack

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near New York, where I retired to turn out the short stories I had in mind. Here the quiet and peace inspired me to verse also! After several of my poems had been printed I began to receive requests from composers for permission to set them to music. For this favour I asked a reasonable fee and in some cases a royalty. It was amazing how my income increased. Here was a new field, growing directly out of my contributions to the magazines, of which I had never dreamed. Verse is not profitable, I had always heard. But I discovered that its production aided me materially, besides proving a delightful diversion. And because of my verse, strange as it may seem, I have received dozens of charming and helpful letters from people whom I have never met; and the letters which hard-working authors get are not the least part of the recompense that comes to them.

The facility with which I turned out verse helped me very much in getting my name in the magazines. If a writer appears in five or six periodicals simultaneously for several consecutive months he is almost as well advertised as an actor! And he is thought to be a most industrious person. Editors began to ask me to write verses to accompany pictures, which they had in stock, and I found the occupation delightful, though on some occasions it proved rather arduous. And there was no little humour attached to such commissions. When the poem appeared my friends might say something like this to me:

"That little piece of yours (why do our friends invariably allude to our verses as 'little pieces'?) in the —— Magazine was so good that I suppose they felt it ought to be illustrated. And how splendidly the artist caught the spirit of your lovely lines!" Whereas I had perspired to catch the artist's spirit!

On one occasion I was invited to contribute some verses to accompany the stupidest picture imaginable. The artist had drawn a man and a woman sitting on a bench staring at each other. I ventured to inquire why so foolish a drawing had been purchased at all, and was told that a former editor (peace to his soul!) had bought it simply because it took his fancy, in the hope that some day a bit of fiction would turn up in connection with which it could be used. No such story came in, for although some of our magazine fiction is pretty dull, nothing could have been duller than that particular picture. The present editor had raked up the drawing and decided to have a poem written for it before the girl's sleeves went out of fashion!

Magazine writers are often commissioned to write many columns around a series of photographs—whether they be of Coney Island or Mrs. Astor's various palaces does not matter much. I once did such a paper around a set of beautiful pictures of China. It was one of the most difficult things I ever wrote, and when I delivered my MS. to a printer who was literally at my elbow for the copy all the time, I felt that the thing was wholly lacking in any grace or style, and deplored the fact that I had been induced to help that busy editor out of a difficulty. Yet when the magazine appeared, the *Review of Reviews* called particular attention to my paper, and spoke of the care with which it must have been done! So we never can tell. One's best and most conscientious work often—too often—falls by the wayside, and no one seems to see it or to care for it.

Dramatists are forever talking about the grief they experience when the plays into which they have thrown so much heart and soul are acted by mummers who have no conception of their rôles; but a magazine writer is everlastingly having his work mutilated "to fit a form"or to make room for something else. I once wrote a story and was dumbfounded when it appeared (I must admit, however, not in one of the better magazines) to see an illustration accompanying it, beneath which was printed the following words:

Mrs. Comstock (my heroine) proved the life of the party.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

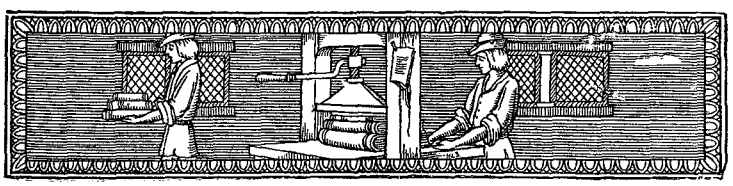
The picture, which was not badly drawn, was of a yacht containing about a dozen persons (there had been only three characters in my story) all apparently in animated conversation. I had written no such scene and in reading my poor MS. in type discovered a column which had been introduced to lead up to the phrase beneath the illustration. I called up the editor and was laughingly informed that he had the picture on hand and didn't think I would mind in the least if he put a few paragraphs in my yarn which would permit of its use. I said I would not care at all provided my cheque included payment for the extra column of conversation. It did.

Perhaps I am betraying in a shameless way the confidence of many of those editors who have been uniformly kind to me; yet I do not think any of them will mind when they see these words in print. As every one knows, the modern magazine is of necessity made up sometimes in a terrific hurry, and matter is crowded in—or out—as the exigencies of a situation demand.

The story has been told in print of a certain writer of verse who puts himself within reach of a telephone at the time of the month when the editors he knows are "making up." Frequently, by so doing, he is commissioned to write "fillers" of an inch or more—quatrains, sonnets or rondeaux. I don't know how much truth there is in this; but I was once actually asked to supply "four stanzas of four lines each, wide measure"!

A certain magazine in New York admires very much what might be called the "Henry James type of story." I suppose it feels that as long as it can secure fiction bearing all the ear-marks of the Master at two cents a word, why pay ten to Mr. James? I was anxious, for many reasons, to appear in that particular periodical, and I studied the editor's whims diligently. Then I sat down and saturated myself with "The Soft Side" and "The Ambassadors." I drank alphabet soup for ten days in succession, and turned out so complex a short story that I myself did not know what it meant. I sent it in, and lo! it met with a hearty reception and a call for more. But the strain was too great. I could not possibly repeat so difficult a feat. My experience gave me a greater veneration for Mr. James.

I hold this: that any one with an ordinary supply of brain matter, and a certain amount of energy and good health can, in these times of magazine competition, earn a comfortable income by his pen. I do not overwork; I consider six hours a day at my desk a good honest piece of toil; I have leisure to read and to travel a bit when the mood moves me. I come into contact with kind and courteous editors, not because I am particularly fortunate, for other writers tell me they invariably meet with similar courtesy. My only fears are that my great American novel—when I have written it—may not prove a success; and that sometime I shall get the playwriting bee in my bonnet! From the latter, kind Heaven deliver me. I am happy now. But then I stated at the beginning of this little confession that I realised my own limitations, and I shall never attempt to write a play.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton and Company:

Light-fingered Gentry. By David Graham Phillips.

A novel founded upon the scandals growing out of the looting and manipulation of the big insurance companies. The chief character has a hard struggle to keep from going the path those before him had followed, but the character of the woman who loves him finally turns him into the way of honour. At last he is compelled to resort to trickery in order to defeat the purpose of the pirates.

Who Killed Lady Poynder. By Richard Marsh.

Another story of mystery in which cupid also plays a part. The victim, Lady Poynder, is murdered in her London home and thereupon begins the pursuit of the criminal. One clew after another is followed, all proving false, until finally the reader is brought to the knowledge that the whole affair is the result of a nihilist plot and that Lady Poynder herself was once a power in the Russian anti-government circles.

Yoland of Idle Isle. By Charles van Nordan.

"Idle Isle" is supposedly one of the Bermudas, and "Yoland," the heroine, grows up here under her grandfather's supervision in total ignorance of the wicked world beyond those charmed limits, that is, until Mortimer Birchdale comes upon her one day as she is sitting on her own private beach soliloquising to herself. Then complications ensue. Others who people the book rejoice in the cognomens of "The Sage," "The Wellesley Graduate," and "The Belle of Baltimore."

Evolution and Animal Life. By Jordan and Kellogg.

It is intended to give here in as small a space as possible the complicated processes of evolution.

Youth. Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene. By G. Stanley Hall.

An epitomism of the large edition on Adolescence published in 1904. The endeavour is to place this volume at such a price that it will be within the reach of all.

NOTE.—Owing to the vast number of books that are published at this time of the year and the demands upon our space many of those which have already been received will not be noticed until the December issue.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Life of Japan. By Masuji Miyakawa.

In the preface the author states what forces are sure to draw Japan and the United States eventually into feelings of good fellowship and mutual respect.

A Man of Sark. By John Oxenham.

The scene of this novel is laid in Sark, the smallest of the Channel Isles, at the time when England was at war with France and Spain. It is a tale of smuggling and of privateers with a love story woven through. The hero does some fighting and planning, and in the end receives his reward not only in the form of a great money prize but in a marriage with the girl he loves.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Day by Day in the Primary Schools. By Alice Bridgham.

It is said that these lessons have been put to a practical test in the school room.

Memory Gems. Arranged by W. H. Williams.

A collection of well-known quotations.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Best Man. By Harold MacGrath.

Morning. James Whitcomb Riley.

A book of verse. Illustrated in colours with frontispiece portrait of Mr. Riley in photogravure.

The Century Company:

Abbie Ann. By George Madden Martin.

A new book by the author of the Emmy Lou stories. Abbie Ann is an attractive little girl, and while possessed with a troublesome temper is nevertheless loved by all; and in turn loves all with whom she comes in contact. The stories are full of humour, and the volume is well illustrated.

The Quest of the Colonial. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton.

The two who write this book inherited a kettle, bought a pair of candlesticks, and were given a Shaker chair; and with this beginning they entered upon enthusiastic pursuit of the mahogany and the walnut, the brass and the china, of the olden time. The story is told of what they found and their experiences in the finding, of the quaint old houses which,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as circumstances permitted, they made home. In addition, the book is rich in information concerning Colonial furniture of every kind. See Chronicle and Comment.

The Betrothal of Elypholate. By Helen R. Martin, author of *Tillie; A Mennonite Maid.*

A collection of short tales of life and love among the young folk of the New Mennonite faith. The scenes are laid chiefly in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

The Cozy Lion. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The third of a series of fairy stories. Queen Silverbell, a creature of Mrs. Burnett's imagination, tells the stories, and this one is about the reformation of a lion from savagery to a state where he is fit to appear in polite society.

Island Stories.

Stories of Strange Sights.

Southern Stories.

Western Frontier Stories.

Sea Stories.

Stories from the Great Lakes.

A series of books of adventure, travel and description, covering different sections of the United States. Retold from *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

Captain June. By Alice Hegan Rice.

A book for children. It has the spirit of all this author's writings. Captain June is a little American lad who stays with his nurse in her home while his mother is far away caring for the soldier father who is ill with a fever. June, short for Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, has all kinds of unusual experiences.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

Allee Samee. By Frances A. Mathews.

In the Deep of the Snow. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Good Night. By Eleanor Gates.

Schmidt. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Araminta and the Automobile. By Charles Battell Loomis.

Dawn. By Katherine Holland Brown.

The Entre-Nous Series of Short Stories by Popular Writers.

Signora. By Gustave Kobbe.

"Signora" is a little girl whose operatic career begins somewhat early in life. Being left at the stage door when a tiny baby she is adopted by the whole company of famous singers. The little "Signora" is the centre of attraction, and is finally the central figure of the romance.

Fables in Feathers. By S. Ten Eyck Bourke.

A group of fanciful stories dealing with birds. Such titles as "Why the Sparrow Wears a Forked Tail?" "Why the Woodpecker Goes a-Tapping?" and "Why the Peacock Wears Eyes on His Tail?" indicate the trend of the stories.

Life of the Fields. By Richard Jefferies.

In the Open Air. By Richard Jefferies.

Nature Near London. By Richard Jefferies.

Prose essays by the "Thoreau of America."

The Adventures of Merrywink. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

Juvenile. This book won the one hundred dollars prize offered by the London *Bookman* for the best illustrated story book for children.

The Idylls and the Age. By John F. Genung.

The author states that the primary object of this study is an appreciation of that great poem of Tennyson "The Idylls of the King."

The Russian Fairy Book. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Seven stories from the folk-lore of Russia, of adventure, magic, and mystery. It is illustrated by sixteen full-page drawings by N. Bilibin.

The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature. By William L. Phelps.

An essay which is revised, rewritten, and enlarged from the original, which previously appeared in a periodical. The authors whom the writer deems the literary forces of the nineteenth century are treated here. Among others may be enumerated Keats, Byron, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray and Stevenson.

The Rivals. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

A de luxe edition of Sheridan's famous play with an introduction by Brander Matthews.

The Japanese Nation in Evolution. By William E. Griffis.

The author of this book was one of the first called to Japan in the cause of education, and it is stated, has been closely connected with the Mikado and other leaders of the present administration. From this viewpoint he has drawn the information which this book contains.

The Farmer's Boy. By Clifton Johnson.

The Country School. By Clifton Johnson.

Companion volumes dealing with the boy and girl life of fifty years ago.

Dorothy's Rabbit Stories. By Mary Calhoun.

The stories a little Southern girl, Dorothy, tells to her favourite pet, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kitten named Kim. Some of them have to do with the adventures of General Bear, Major Possum, Colonel Coon, and other celebrities of that nature. Every story is illustrated.

Afield with the Seasons. By James Buckham.

An impression of Nature in all her varying moods. It takes the reader abroad into the sunlight, the shadow, and the storm; and shows the plant life and bird life of our fields and woods. The volume is well illustrated.

Herbart.

Herbert Spencer.

Pestalozzi.

Horace Mann.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

A new series, *Pioneers in Education*, by Gabriel Compayre. Translated from the French.

Famous Painters of America. By F. Walker McSpadden.

A series of life stories of certain men who have made American art and themselves famous. The first painter considered is Benjamin West, the little, untaught Quaker boy, who rose to be president of the Royal Academy. Chapters follow concerning Copley, Stuart, Inness, Vedder, Homer, La Farge, Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and Chase. The volume contains many full-page portraits and reproductions of celebrated paintings.

The Battle of Life. Henry Van Dyke.

Glimpses of the Heavenly Life. By J. R. Miller.

The Spiritual Care of a Child. By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay.

Growth without End. By Johanna Firscher Call.

The Heart of Good Health. By Annie Payson Call.

The Good Old Way. Henry van Dyke.

The What is Worth While Series.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Her Prairie Knight. By B. M. Bower.

A present day romance of the Western plains, dealing with the experiences of some Newport folks on a ranch. The Newport belle falls in love with the cowboy "Calahad," while the aristocratic Briton who coveted her hand is ingloriously defeated.

Another story, Rowdy of the Cross L. which also deals with life in the West, completes the volume.

Garrison's Finish. By W. B. M. Ferguson.

This romance centres about the race course and "Billy Garrison," a jockey, is the hero.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Those Queer Browns. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

A sequel to *The Singular Miss Smith.* In the closing chapters of the first book Annie Smith and William Brown married and in the sequel they continue their sociological studies in the New York slums. Agatha, William's young sister, helps them in rather an unconventional way, and finds her reward where she least expected it.

A Royal Tragedy. By Chedomille Mijatovich.

The story of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga, of Servia. The author of this book was for a time private secretary to King Milan, Alexander's father, and many times cabinet minister in the governments of both Milan and Alexander.

John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols.

The fourth book issued in the series entitled *The Manor House Novels.* The last novel Trollope wrote and considered by many judges to be one of the best.

A History of English Literature. By W. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas Seccombe.

In this work the author aims to depict in an interesting way the writers who have made English literature, to represent their characters in a lifelike manner, to stimulate interest in their books. To this end the book is divided into chapters, each devoted to the lives of writers of a certain period and to criticism of their works, and illustrated with portraits of them where these are extant, facsimiles of first editions, their dwellings, etc. At the end of each chapter are very valuable bibliographies of editions, of books of commentary, of books of criticism, and extracts from the criticism of famous authors. The work consists of three volumes.

The Story of "The Ring." By S. H. Hamer.

A short analysis of the plot of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, with the principal musical "motives."

Culture by Conversation. By Robert Waters.

An interesting book by a man of wide experience, showing not only the many advantages of conversation, but affording suggestions, by example and illustration, how to become a good converser.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mother. By Owen Wister.

A love story with New York of the present day as a background. The author also tells of a disastrous speculation in Wall Street which the hero undertakes in order to get money enough to marry his fiancée. An unscrupulous broker induces him to buy as an investment certain stocks upon representations by the broker that he had bought the same stocks for "mother." He loses all. After trial and disappointment the lovers are finally happily united.

My Lady Caprice. B. Jeffery Farnol.

A love story, in which Reginald Augustus, otherwise known as "The Imp," is a healthy and very active small boy whose pranks are constantly bringing together the two young people whose romance has been interrupted by the intervention of the worldly Lady Warburton.

A Spring Fortnight in France. Josephine Tozier.

In this volume the author takes her readers among the cathedrals, chateaux, and villages of France. The book contains numerous illustrations from photographs and maps.

The Revelations of Inspector Morgan. By Oswald Crawfurd.

The actual experiences of a member of England's world-famous detective force which has its headquarters at Scotland Yard. See September BOOKMAN.

The Daughter of Anderson Crow. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Mr. McCutcheon's latest book is a story dealing with detectives, a mysteriously abandoned baby, a haunted house, kidnappers, a train robbery and other exciting incidents. "Rosalie" is as beset with adventure and danger as if she were a "Princess of Graustark" and she is in as great need of a lover who is loyal and brave. And he does come to her aid. The mistakes and disasters of the foolish, kind-hearted old Anderson Crow, the town marshal, afford amusement. The book is profusely illustrated, both in full-page drawings and many sketches inserted in the text.

Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Uprising of the Many. By Charles Edward Russell.

In this volume the author takes his readers round the world from England through France, Germany and Switzerland, to India, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, contrasting the evils under which the people suffer where private greed dominates the government, with the benefits secured when the many take a hand for themselves and dominate greed.

Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. Translated by Lionel Strachey.

A romantic story of the career of a daughter of Sayyid Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, telling of her life in the royal harem, and her subsequent escape, and marriage to a German merchant. The book contains intimate revelations of Arab life in general.

The Overman. By Upton Sinclair.

The story of an English musician, who, wrecked upon a desert island in the South Seas, lives for twenty years alone, and during that time finds himself, while yet in the body, becoming cognisant of a spiritual world of people, activities, emotions—a life, the presence of which "is rapture and unutterable holiness."

To Him that Hath. By Leroy Scott.

Mr. Scott has told in this volume a story of sacrifice and undeserved suffering. The hero is a young man who by force of circumstances is led to sacrifice himself in order to save the reputation and influence for good of a clergyman, who in life had been dearer to him than a brother. The story deals with life in the East Side section of New York.

Alice in Blunderland. By John Kendrick Bangs.

With the sub-title of "An Iridescent Dream" this argument purposes to solve many of the controversies and doubts which are troubling the rulers of the Republic to-day.

Duffield and Company:

Painters and Sculptors. By Kenyon Cox.

A series of appreciations of individual masters, presenting as a whole a general view of painting since the sixteenth century.

Plays of Our Forefathers. By Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of English at the University of California.

An account of the origin and development of the earliest stage plays called Miracles or Moralities. Illustrated with reproductions of old wood-cuts.

A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen. By Paul Harboe.

A biography, told for young people, of the greatest of children's story-tellers. To be reviewed later.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration and First and Second Inaugural Addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Canticle of the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

The Declaration of Independence.

The Constitution of the United States.

The Rubric Series. The publishers announce this series as being planned to give the readers various good things that are "established or settled by authority" in a handy form.

Houses for Town and Country. By William Herbert.

The typical town house, the typical country house and the house for all the year are discussed, and attractive ideas are set down for all the various rooms and also for the surrounding grounds.

Familiar Faces. By Harry Graham.

Skits on "The Baritone," "The Dentist," "The Waiter," "The Policeman," and others with whom the public is now familiar by means of the joke column. Illustrated.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Collected and edited, with a critical introduction and notes, by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry.

The text used in this edition is that of the Lorimer copy of 1845, revised by Poe with marginal corrections in his own hand.

A Book of American Humour.

These two small pocket volumes comprise a collection of the wit and humour of the best-known American writers.

House Health. By Norman Bridge.

Lectures on the common precautions to be taken in order to preserve health in the family.

The Happy Heart Family. By Virginia Gerson.

Juvenile. An illustrated book for small children.

Boys and Girls from Thackeray. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

A companion volume to *Boys and Girls from Dickens and George Eliot.* It takes up the characters of Henry Esmond, George Osbourne, Rawdon Crawley and others.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

William Blake. By Arthur Symons.

Sketches of the life and works of the poet.

Paul Elder:

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom. By Childe Harold.

Humorous skits every one of which is illustrated.

Eaton and Mains:

Illustrative Lesson Notes. By Ismar John Peritz, Frank Milton Bristol and Robert Remington Doherty.

A guide to the study of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1908. John T. McFarland, editor.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Evelyn van Courtland. By William Henry Carson.

The story relates the tragic consequences of an unhappy, mismated life in its effects upon the future heroine of the story, whose father, to avenge his honour, has committed murder, though another is accused of and tried for his crime, but is acquitted. The accused man, Hugh Malcolm, later on, becomes the lover of Evelyn van Courtland and one of the most promising of the younger professional and public men of the day.

The Counterstroke. By Ambrose Pratt.

A dramatic story of an attempt to disband Nihilists and abolish Nihilism. The scene is laid in London at a meeting of anti-Nihilists, after an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Czar.

The Spotter. By William W. Canfield.

A tale of life in the oil regions of Pennsylvania at the time when the farmers discovered what wealth there was in the fields on which they had spent so much labour.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Stars of the Opera. By Mabel Wagnalls.

A revision of Miss Wagnalls's earlier work bearing the same name. The present edition contains descriptive sketches of the plots and music of Semiramide, *Faust, Werther, Carmen, Lohengrin, Aïda, The Huguenots, The Flying Dutchman, Hamlet, Lakme, Pagliacci, Orpheus and Eurydice;* also interviews with Mmes. Melba, Calvé, and Geraldine Farrar.

Race Life of the Aryan People. By Joseph Widney.

In systematic order this is an attempt to tell of the life of the Aryan people beginning with the Asiatic period and going on in chronological order.

Ginn and Company:

Rhymes and Stories. Compiled and edited by Marion Florence Lansing. Illustrated by Charles Copeland.

The first volume of an intended series under the general title The Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature.

Harper and Brothers:

Ancestors. By Gertrude Atherton.

An American novel of the old San

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francisco. Mrs. Atherton has presented California with all its ancestral beauty and pride embodied in a high-bred young girl. The climax is attended by a description of the great earthquake as Mrs. Atherton witnessed it. To be reviewed later.

The Indians' Book. Reported and edited by Natalie Curtis. With an introductory note by President Roosevelt.

A revelation of the Indian—his customs, mind, character, and very soul. The Indians were persuaded that such a book would perpetuate the dignity of their race, and therefore told their poetic legends, and sang their strange songs, permitting their visitor to record these things exactly. The volume contains eight full-page illustrations in colour, twenty in sepia, and many drawings, made from original Indian designs; also many pages of Indian music, photographs, etc.

In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Schillings.

An account of the author's interesting observations and experiences in "The Dark Continent," with three hundred photographic studies from his negatives; also other illustrations.

Eben Holden's Last Day A-Fishing. By Irving Bacheller.

Where the reader renews his acquaintance with Eben Holden and still finds him, old as he is, a true lover of good sport. Time fails to change his gentle humour, wisdom and simple kindness.

Mam' Linda. By Will N. Harben.

The theme of this novel is a plea for law and order and the observance of Christian principles in treating the most difficult phases of the race problem. The scenes are laid in Georgia.

Wee Winkles and Her Friends. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Another volume added to the children's library of "Wee Winkles" stories. This book deals with Wee Winkles's dolls and their school-room, the little kittens, Jerry, the fire-engine horse, and how it helped Wide-awake. Love and care for animals is incidentally inculcated in the story.

Discoveries in Every-Day Europe. By Don C. Seitz.

Illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, this is said to really be a new kind of a book about Europe, describing what an ordinary tourist would see on his travels.

Sunnyside Tad. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The story of two outcasts, one human and the other mute, the boy Tad and his dog Diogenes.

The Chemistry of Commerce. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

The publishers state that this book was compiled by a man who was sent to visit the most important laboratories and the most prominent chemists France, Germany and England have produced. The book is intended to make an appeal to the many people who in these days are interested in the science of chemistry.

Henry Holt and Company:

Darwinism To-day. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

A discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of the principal other proposed auxiliary and alternative theories of species-forming.

The Youngsters of Centerville. By Etta Anthony Baker.

A story of child life in a rural American village, with its ball games, its prize contests, its parties, its exhibitions, etc.

Wage-Earners' Budgets. By Louise Bolard More.

A study of standards and cost of living in New York City.

Harps Hung up in Babylon. By Arthur Colton.

A volume of short poems.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt. By John Burroughs.

An interesting view of the outdoor life of the President. The book is in two parts, the first of which tells the story of Mr. Burroughs's trip with the President to the Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903, while the second gives an account of a visit to Oyster Bay, treating of Roosevelt more specifically as a nature lover and observer. The author gives an interesting account of the President, his manner of meeting people along the route of travel, his chats with old acquaintances of his ranching days, his rides and walks in the wilderness, his camp-fire conversation and story-telling.

Mother Goose, in Silhouettes, cut by Katharine G. Buffum.

A selection of the most popular of the Mother Goose rhymes, illustrated with quaint and amusing silhouettes.

The Camp Fires of Mad Anthony. By Everett Tomlinson.

A book for young readers. This story of the adventures of "Mad Anthony" Wayne covers the period between 1774 and 1776. Many historical incidents are described, including the burning of a cargo of Tory tea at Greenwich, New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jersey, the tarring of a Tory, the kidnapping of the hero, and a description of one of Wayne's battles.

Familiar Letters of James Howell. With an introduction by Agnes Repplier.

A new edition of Howell's letters, in two volumes, beautifully printed and bound in terra-cotta boards with leather back and label.

Faithless Nelly Gray. By Thomas Hood.

A reprint of that famous ballad with seventeen humorous cuts by Robert Seaver.

B. W. Huebsch.

Religion and Historic Faiths. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch.

A course of lectures throwing light upon the changing attitude of different religions towards the others.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Real Australia. By Alfred Buchanan.

In this volume the author discusses phases of life on the continent—society, politics, women, theatres, imperialism, and also writes of men and women most prominent in literature and politics. He gives a description of the Australian's hospitality, open-heartedness and generosity.

Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays. By Hon. A. S. G. Canning.

Of the studies here published, four are revised and the other two, *Othello* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* are entirely new. The preface states that they are intended more for the general reader than the Shakespearian scholar.

John Lane Company:

The Mauleverer Murders. By A. C. Fox-Davies.

A story of mystery—the successive murders of four brothers. Suspicion fastens upon a woman who is really innocent. The murderer finally appears from a totally unexpected quarter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Home Life in All Lands. By Charles Morris.

A volume of interest to young students. It deals with the interesting details of every-day life in various parts of the world. Mr. Morris writes of the queer foods eaten by foreign peoples, of the strange clothing worn in far-away quarters of the world, of the curious customs practised in many countries, and on numerous other topics.

When Kings Go Forth to Battle. By William Wallace Whitelock.

A story of love and adventure, the scene of which is laid in the small German principality of "Westrum."

Beau Brocade. By Baroness Orczy.

A romance of "Beau Brocade," a young army officer of high birth, who, dismissed from the service through the treachery of a superior officer, takes to the road and becomes a master of chivalrous highwaymanry.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace H. Furness. The Tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra.

The first book of a very important series.

Recollections of an Ill-fated Expedition. By Neville B. Craig.

Concerning the expedition to the headwaters of the Madeira River in Brazil, giving the origin of the enterprise, the organisation of the American part and in fact all through in minute detail to the unfortunate end.

Little, Brown and Company:

Lord Cammarleigh's Secret. By Roy Horniman.

Anthony Brooke, a London actor in hard luck, so manages that he persuades Lord Cammarleigh that he has detected a secret which he is afraid will become known. On the strength of this supposed knowledge Anthony lives well, becomes private secretary and admirably fills the post. A rumour that he is the son of Lord Cammarleigh greatly advances his interests, and when he marries the charming Sybil his fortune is assured. But the secret remains a secret.

Judy. By Temple Bailey.

A story for young girls. Two of the characters are Anne and Judy, the former gentle and self-controlled and the latter tempestuous but fine in the possibilities for her future womanhood. The third important character is Lancelot, a manly and masterful fellow, who helps Judy work out her life problems.

Day: Her Year in New York. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The third volume of the "Sidney Books," in which Phyllis, Sidney's younger sister, develops from a well-meaning blunderer into an affectionate, tactful character.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Enlightenment of Olivia. By L. B. Walford.

A story of English suburban life, centring in Olivia, comfort-loving Willie, her husband, and self-satisfied Philip Ambrose. Olivia is a woman with literary tastes whose contempt for her neighbours, and indifference to public opin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ion, create an interest in her actions and make her a somebody in her surroundings. Through her companionship with lionised Professor Ambrose she is shown her mistaken idea of self-importance, and is awakened to her true position with the world and her husband.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

A Little Prospector. By Edith M. H. Baylor.

In this volume Miss Baylor tells of a little fellow who goes with his parents from Boston out to the mining region of Nevada. Here he learns a good deal about gold mining and pioneer life. An example of young patriotism is shown in the making of a flag by the little hero from scraps of red, white and blue cloth. Numerous illustrations lend much interest to the book.

Ruth Erskine's Son. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden).

Ruth Erskine was one of the famous *Four Girls at Chautauqua* and also the heroine of *Ruth Erskine's Crosses.* This book finds her the widow of Judge Burnham, with one fine son, Erskine, to the making of whose life she devotes her own in fullest measure.

Defending His Flag. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story of rebellion, heroism and adventure for boy readers. There are two heroes, one in the army of the North and the other in the cavalry of the South, friends personally, yet bitter foes on the battlefields. Both enlist at the opening of the Civil War. The author tells of forced marches, skirmishes, life in camp and in prison.

The Great Year. By A. T. Dudley.

The three heroes of Mr. Dudley's new college story are the captains of the football, baseball and track and field teams, their purpose being, for the honour of the school, to achieve a "Great Year." The story tells how they develop their material, rise superior to discouragements, and finally attain their ambitions. It also relates many jolly incidents of real school life.

Marion's Vacation. By Nina Rhoades.

Marion is a girl of thirteen, who, after having lived for ten years in a luxurious home in New York, is sent on a visit to some poor relatives in a little Vermont village. Her summer proved to be a most important one to her in all its lessons that come only through mingling in a life quite different from what she had known exclusively for so long.

Gayle Langford. By Harold Morton Kramer.

A romance of a Tory belle, "Gayle Langford," and a captain in the Continental Army. The time is that of the Declaration of Independence, with most of the events in Philadelphia and Trenton.

Love is the Sum of it All. By George Cary Eggleston.

A plantation romance, the scene of which is laid in Virginia shortly after the reconstruction period.

The Macmillan Company:

The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. By Zona Gale.

Pelleas and Etarre have been in love for fifty years and have found their own wedded happiness so rich that they become matchmakers of the most guileless, lovable kind. The book tells of their adventures in the effort to further some romance or other among the young folk with whom they come in contact.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Two volumes.

Translated by E. M. Waller with an introduction by Andrew Lang. See Chronicle and Comment.

Love of Life. By Jack London.

Under this title the author has grouped eight short stories. The tale which gives the book its name is a description of a man dying in the wilds of the Northwest by slow starvation. The concluding story, "Negore, the Coward," relates to the old days of the Russian occupancy of Alaska, and shows what a man will do to retain a woman's love and wipe from his name an undeserved affix.

First Book in Latin. By Alexander James Inglis, A.B., and Virgil Prettyman, A.M., Pd.D.

The book comprises sixty-five lessons which the author considers an adequate preparation for the reading of Cæsar.

Public Ownership and the Telephone in Great Britain. By Hugo Richard Meyer.

A history of the telephone policy of Great Britain, and a discussion of the part taken by the government in its administration.

Life in the Homeric Age. By Professor Thomas Day Seymour.

A reconstruction of the earliest known Greek society and deals with the family and personal life as well as with political organisation.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker. By Richard G. Moulton.

Supplementary to *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist,* previously published abroad and in use among schools and colleges. This book appeared about four years ago under the title of *The Moral System of Shakespeare.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The McClure Company:

Helena's Path. By Anthony Hope. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The Car of Destiny. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A love-story, full of incidents encountered on a motor chase across Spain. The time of the story is just before the recent royal marriage, and King Alfonso is one of the characters. Lady Monica, in the Princess Ena's suite, a Spanish girl of rank, a marquis and a young American are the principal characters. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Pinafore Palace. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

A book of rhymes and jingles for the nursery; selected from various sources for the amusement of very young readers and those who like to be read to.

The Wagner Stories. By Filson Young.

Stories of the Wagner Operas—the *Ring,* the other music dramas and the master's earlier works.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Great Plains. By Randall Parrish.

A history of the discovery and settlement of that part of the West known as "The Great Plains." Mr. Parrish has divided his work into three parts: I, Exploration; II, The Struggle for Possession, and III, Occupation.

For Maisie. By Katharine Tynan.

A romance, the scene of which is laid in an English country town. Maisie and her mother are found one stormy night by a rough, uneducated, eccentric fellow, who becomes so attached to the child that he marries the dying mother in order that he may keep the little girl. After the mother dies he puts Maisie in a school and goes away to make a fortune for her. He succeeds and buys an estate next to that of a certain earl, whose son falls in love with Maisie. The supposed father's efforts to make a social place for the girl, the secret of her birth, and the difficulties of her love affair with the earl's son, Humphrey Stanhope, are all told.

Beth Norvell. By Randall Parrish.

A story of Western mining camps and one-night stands. Beth Norvell is an attractive and talented young actress, and the hero is a daring young mining engineer. Winston, the mining engineer and a millionaire's son, having time to indulge a caprice and having seen Miss Norvell, decides to become for a time a barnstorming "supe." Tragedy, misunderstanding and years of waiting precede the satisfactory outcome.

Old Oak Furniture. By Fred Roe.

Containing chapters on the various styles of old oak furniture—Gothic, Norman, Renaissance—with a chapter devoted to "Forgeries in Old Oak." The text is supplemented by a coloured frontispiece and numerous line drawings by the author as aids in identifying the different styles and in understanding the development of designs from one period to another.

How to Identify Old Chinese Porcelain.

The author describes the valuable examples of porcelains in London and America, and gives a brief history of porcelain, its growth and evolution.

Thomas Gainsborough. By William Boulton.

A story of the life of Thomas Gainsborough, his work, friends and sitters. The author gives an account of the artist's parents, his birth, and early boyhood, and also writes of his life at Suffolk and Bath, and of his career in London. The volume contains many halftone engravings illustrating the artist's most noted portraits and landscapes.

Hermann and Thusnelda. Translated from the German by George Upton.

The Swiss Heroes. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Frithiof Saga. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Joseph Haydn. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Four books of the series of Life Stories for Young People.

The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. By Herbert H. Sargent.

Presenting the recent war history of Cuba in three volumes. It is stated that the author, who is a colonel in the army, has had access to official records both Spanish and American, and therefore the book ought to be both entertaining and instructive.

The Charles E. Merrill Company:

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A new series of the masterpieces of English literature has been projected, its first volume being devoted to Coleridge and containing his "Ancient Mariner," his "Christabel" and other poems. There is also an introduction, prepared by Dr. Julian W. Abernethy of the Berkeley Institute in Brooklyn, giving a summary of the poet's life.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Ted in Mythland. By Hermine Schwed.

This takes a small boy into the land of myths, and the old tales of Greece and Rome, of the great god and god-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desses of Olympia, are told in a simple style, both in verse and prose, for the benefit of young children.

Wild Animal Celebrities. By Ellen Velvin.

Life stories of many celebrated animals now living and on exhibition in various zoological gardens and menageries throughout the world.

Rainy Day Diversions. By Carolyn Wells.

A book of games, puzzles, plays and recreations for days in the house.

The Blue Ocean's Daughter. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A sea story of romance and adventure during the Revolution, with a fascinating heroine, who controls the destinies of the American merchantmen.

The House of the Vampire. By George Sylvester Viereck.

"The Vampire is a psychological study of a man whose genius is absorbed from his talented associates. He drains the souls of each in succession, and then throws them aside as they cease to be of value to him.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Way of a Man. Emerson Hough.

The scene of this romance is laid in the West during the time of the great Western movement previous to the Civil War.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Red Feathers. By Theodore Roberts.

A story of adventure in Newfoundland when the world was young and when men made prayers to the sun, the winds, the frost, and the stars. The people who live in this book are of the Beothic race and the hero, "Run-All-Day," gained his name on account of his fleetness of foot and tireless endurance.

A Woman's Journey through the Philippines. By Florence Kimbal Russell.

Parts of the chapters on Sulu, Zamboanza, and Bangoa have already appeared in the *Criterion* and *Everybody's*. The rest of the matter has never before been published.

Turkey and the Turks. By W. S. Monroe.

This is an attempt to furnish a general account of the people, lands, and institutions of the Ottoman Empire.

The Umbrian Cities of Italy. By J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank.

Two volumes which are classed among the Travel Lovers' Library. These are not to be taken as guide books like those of Baedeker and Murray, but they propose to treat the various objects of interest according to their magnitude.

Pearson Brothers:

The Psychology of Public Speaking. Walter Dill Scott.

The result of scientific investigations into the art of elocution and public speaking, with descriptions of experiments by eminent psychologists.

James Pott and Company:

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop.

A description of Italian days, manners and customs.

Scotland of To-day. By T. F. Henderson and F. Watt.

The authors take up the religion, the art, the literature, the games, the institutions, the food and drink, the education, and the wit and humour of the Scotland of to-day. There are also descriptions of towns and scenery to be found in this volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Law: Its Origin, Growth and Function. James Coolidge Carter, LL.D.

A comprehensive study of the origin and development of law as a science, and of its influence and function as a powerful force in the civilisation of mankind.

The Fleming H. Revell Company:

Polly Pat's Parish.

Polly is a girl of sixteen with four younger brothers and sisters, "the four-in-hand," as she calls them. She helps her father, the rector of the parish, to bring the different classes of people under his care into Christian fellowship.

Ungava Bob. By Dillon Wallace.

A tale of a young trapper, who, wishing to earn money with which to send his crippled sister to the hospital for medical treatment, gets permission to hunt and trap on a trail in the heart of the Labrador wilderness.

The Mediator. By Edward A. Steiner.

The story of a boy from Russian Poland, who receives his education in a Roman Catholic monastery. He comes to America, and in the New World he fights his own way manfully, and meets the romance of his life.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The France of To-day. By Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard College.

An account of the intimate social life of the French people to-day.

Inquiries and Opinions. By Brander Matthews.

A volume of essays: "Poe and the Detective Story," "Mark Twain," "A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Note on Maupassant," "Ibsen the Playwright," and others.

The Harrison Fisher Book.

A collection of the drawings of this well-known illustrator. More than one hundred illustrations in pen and ink, wash and charcoal, are included and nine full-page sketches reproduced in full colour. There is also an article by James B. Carrington on "Mr. Fisher's Place in American Illustration."

The Domestic Adventurers. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Three "young" women, one forty, decide to give up their apartment in the city for the joys of suburban life. The visitations of their four successive maids throw a side light on the momentous servant question.

The Crested Seas. By James Brendan Connolly.

A collection of Mr. Connolly's famous sea stories, dealing with the adventurous life of the fishermen.

Nursery Rhymes from Mother Goose. Illustrated by G. G. Wiederseim.

A new and humorous interpretation of Mother Goose, with nine full-page drawings reproduced in full colours and many other pages in tint and black and white.

Court Life of the Second French Empire, 1852-1870. By Le Petit Homme Rouge.

Its organisation, chief personages, splendour, frivolity, and downfall.

Bonaparte in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day. By Haji A. Browne.

An account of Egypt during the last hundred years and of present conditions in that country. A valuable book for all who are interested in Egypt and the Egyptians of to-day.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Quips and Quiddits. By John B. Tabb.

"Ques for the Qurious" is the sub-title of this little book of quaint and humorous verse. It has numerous funny drawings by Charles Copeland.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Naples Riviera. By Herbert M. Vaughan.

The author describes in this volume the many places of beauty and interest lying upon the Bay of Naples and Salerno, including the islands of Ischia and Capri, and gives their historical and literary associations. He also deals with the habits of the peasants, their songs and folk-lore.

The Young Traders. By Harold Bindloss.

The struggles and adventures of two boys in Western Africa in the service of a trading company. The author draws upon his own experiences for his plot and incidents.

Jack the Young Trapper. By George Bird Grinnell.

The story of "Jack" and his fifth summer in the West, which he spent in the parks of Colorado, following the streams and trapping beaver. "Hugh," the experienced guide, gives some interesting accounts of the intelligence and industry of the beaver and the methods used to trap them.

The Angels of Messer Ercole. By Duffield Osbourne.

The scenes of this romance are laid in ancient Perugia and the principal characters are Ercole da Passigno and the Princess Ottavia Baglioni, whom Ercole loves. It is a dainty little holiday edition bound in lavender silk cloth, with an inset in sepia and design in deep purple and gold.

Winston of the Prairie. By Harold Bindloss.

The author tells the story of a young man of upright character, but defeated in the battle of life, who consents as a last resort to impersonate for a time a man of his own age, though of a different type—rash, cruel, and, in fact, a scoundrel, though coming from an aristocratic family. After making the exchange of names the better man finds himself barred from resuming his old name because the other has stained it with murder. The story goes on to tell how he comes into the other man's possessions, lives down this reputation, and how he finally wins the respect of all men and the love of a fastidious and delicately nurtured girl.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand as sold between September 1st and October 1st.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. John Bull's Other Island. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Man Who Rose Again. Horking. (Jennings and Graham.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracey. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. To Him that Hath. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Bed Time Book. Whitney. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Devota. Evans. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Doniphan Expedition. Connelly. (Bryant and Douglas.) $2.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
5. Worry. Saleeby. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Brunhilde's Paying Guest. Fuller. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Country House. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Lighton (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $150.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.25.
4. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (Musson.) 50c.
5. The Mystery. White. (Musson.) $1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Froude.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D C.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	330
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	205
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.	194
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	168
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	150
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50	116

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While Shepherds Watch'd

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

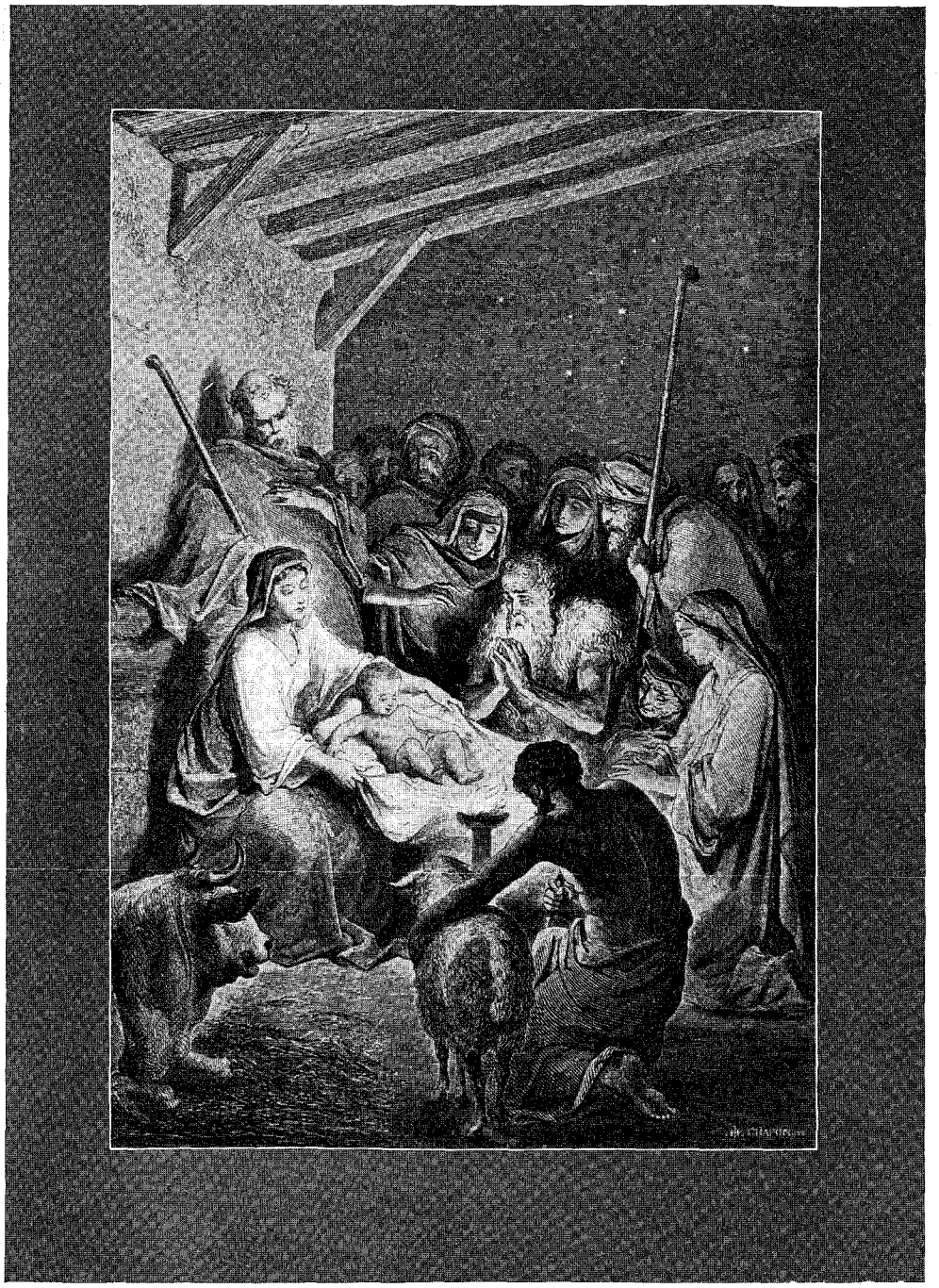
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the painting by Gustave Doré

"THE NATIVITY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED